NOTES

OF A

TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA

IN 1861

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

TO THE READER.

THE following extracts from letters, and the rough notes which carry on the narrative of a three months' tour, are printed at the request and for the private use of relations and friends, who are so good as to take an interest in my observations. Intrinsically they would be most unworthy of such preservation, but the remarkable events now convulsing the great Republic of the West give a special interest to the daily records of an eyewitness.

I beg such as may read any of these pages to bear in mind that neither the Letters nor the Journal was written with a view to publication. They would not in their present form be offered to readers less partial or more critical than I hope mine will prove; and I depend upon their not allowing these careless sketches, printed for their amusement, to fall into the hands of strangers.

JAMES FERGUSSON.

EDINBURGH, 30*th November* 1861.

NOTES

OF A

TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

SHIP "CANADA," *August* 17, 1861.
Lat. 49°, Lon. 17°.

ACCORDING to the practice of voyagers and travellers, I date my letter from an imaginary spot on the boundless ocean. My first remark is, that I am very glad you are *not* here, a partaker of the misery of the ladies on board. An Atlantic voyage is neither favourable to the comfort nor conducive to the appearance of ladies. These unfortunate people appear by twos and threes each day more yellow and washed out. I am sure you would have vowed a hundred times you never would go in a ship again, and wished you had never left home. Having fired our parting gun at Liverpool at 11 A.M. on Saturday the 10th August, we arrived at the neighbourhood of Cork on Sunday afternoon about four, having gone slow some hours on account of the fog, which was so thick that, although the experienced mariner in whose hands we are knew we were close to Cork, he could not tell if we were north or south of it. Suddenly there appeared under our noses a smart little yacht, pitching herself about

in an absurd manner, the owner of which told us we were close to Cork Head, and piloted us in. We only stopped long enough at the mouth of the harbour to pick up a lot of mails from a "tender" in waiting, and drop your letter. The fog prevented us seeing anything of the fine coast. This was the beginning of troubles. The wind drew ahead next day, a considerable swell existing already, and gradually rose, till on Wednesday it blew what the sailors call half a gale, and which most of us thought a whole one. This continued till late on Thursday night, with a heavy sea, which in these parts means waves a hundred yards across, with their crests blown off in white clouds by the wind, and the unhappy ship rolling about on every part of her but that she ought to rest on. Yesterday morning the weather moderated. The blessed wind came round to the east, and has given us a good twenty-four hours. As it seems likely to go back to its old quarter and habits, I take this opportunity of writing you my parting sensations.

For myself, I have been rather jolly than otherwise. The first day after leaving Cork I paid the penalty of a misspent life; but since then I have never failed to "make the number of my mess," and to perform those prodigies of appetite which are induced by the marine air. They treat us very well after their fashion, and the creature is supplied with unlimited quantities of powerful food at such short intervals that, by the time the late ones are finishing one meal, the world at large is commencing the next; and as they open business at 8 30, and wind up at 9 P.M., they are pretty constantly at it. The unamiable feelings towards my fellow-creatures which I contracted on the first day of the voyage, I have modified in many cases, although some specimens of the untamed Yankee on board are rather disgusting, and they indulge in the well-known habits of their race, which I need not more exactly particularise. There is a Methodist preacher from New York, with long lank hair, bad teeth, a loud harsh voice, who reads the *Times* to his friends, raging against its lies and misrepresentation of "American institu-

tions." He "guesses Mr Russell will be *whitewashed* at Washington, when they get his Bull's Run letter — that's a fact;" which means that the correspondent of the *Times* will be stripped naked and painted. With a little practice the above dialect is not difficult of imitation. I hear he intends to favour us with a discourse to-morrow. He has been in Syria, and has crude and narrow ideas of matters there. There are three or four Yankee shipmasters, hard, cheery old boys; salt in their talk, dressed mostly in old swallow-tail coats, frequenting a certain spot on the deck, and with everlasting anecdotes of icebergs, cargoes, and close-reefed topsails. There is a lawyer, who sleeps in the same cabin with one of the skippers, who has done nothing but drink brandy from terror, and asked the other night if the ship was likely to live through the night. Last night he favoured the company with some songs after tea—I suppose on account of the change of wind. There is a mixed multitude of French, Germans, Newfoundlanders, Canadians, Yankees—all ordinary people—sick, and delighting in shutting the cabin windows, in eating greasy dishes whenever they recover, and in spitting about the deck. There are some fat Yankee ladies, but chiefly spare yellow Yankee ladies, who say "smart" things whenever they are better. There are some nice people. There is a bright little Canadian girl about sixteen, who never misses a meal. Her uncle, aunt, and sisters, being generally at the point of death, my friend walks this young colonist, who he says is like a young landrail, about the deck, and takes an interest in her family. There is a consequential colonel of engineers and his wife who is always sick and always eating. There is a daughter of Mr Motley the historian, pretty and clever-looking, but slightly American in voice. There is a pretty American woman, wife of an officer in another Cunard ship, smart and neat in all weathers. I lent her a scent-bottle when she was sick, and she dropped it overboard. There is a Mr ——, a smart Boston gentleman, and his wife and baby. There is a Roman Catholic priest, a monsignor

by the by, a chaplain to the forces going from Aldershott to Bermuda, agreeable, knowing everybody, and very fond of eating and drinking. He knows all my Popish friends well. With two retired officers settled in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, we have our society. We have our rubbers. We who have our sea-legs lie on plaids on deck and read. Our Yankee skipper has lent me a book of "Dan'l Webster's" speeches, by way of proving to me the indefeasible case of the United States Government, from which may be derived many arguments on the other side.

Tuesday, August 20.

THE Methody held forth on Sunday after prayers, which are read every Sunday morning by the Doctor on behalf of the Captain. It was harmless in its tendency as a discourse, not very literate in its composition, and pretty incorrect in its facts, which purported to be those of Syria. He dealt largely in prophecy, on his own account I mean, and told us exactly how the Jews are to be restored, when, in addition to other advantages, they are to regain "*their sanctum and their sanctorum.*" The Landrail family turn out to be very nice people —Canadians. The two young ladies, nieces of the old parties, have been for three years under the maternal care of Miss ——, Edinburgh, a stout Free-Kirker, during which time they sat under Dr ——, and had to write out his sermons after they came home. The young ladies enjoyed the instructions of Sig. Guglielmo and other eminent artists of Edinburgh.

Since Sunday morning the sea has been as smooth as a firth, and we have been making such good way that we expect to arrive at Halifax to-morrow. Yesterday about eleven we saw in the distance Newfoundland, and at five in the evening stopped the ship, for the first time since leaving Queenstown, about two miles from Cape Race, the southernmost point

of the island. The coast is bluff and wild there. Before it was reached it appeared broken and wooded. A light boat was off to pick up the latest news, which are enclosed in a tin box with a flag attached; and if there is a fog—which there almost always is—it is thrown overboard on the chance of its being picked up. The news are telegraphed to New York three days in advance of the steamer. They gave us the news, which had reached by telegraph yesterday in time for the homeward-bound mail, of the taking of Washington by the Southern troops,—if true, a momentous occurrence, but hardly credible. So tremendous a disgrace for the North could only have been the result of utter disorganisation. The Northerners on board, who had been talking enormously of what they would do when they got the South under, are wonderfully crestfallen, and say it is no wonder that there has been treason in the camp—that the United States officers have all joined the South, &c., all of which may perhaps be true, and would have had weight in lessening the disgrace of defeat had it been mentioned before defeat had occurred. Altogether the voyage has been a good one, though we had some severe weather. For myself, I am immensely the better of it. I think we shall be in New York about the 5th September; but if we change our plans and go south from Canada West, my letters will be forwarded. We may do so, as, if Washington is taken, it may be impossible to get to the Southern headquarters, our chief object, from that side.

HALIFAX, *Wednesday, 24th.*

ARRIVED here about nine this morning, earlier than we had expected, the weather being lovely, and free from the fogs which nearly always prevail here. I went off to the St George, which is just off the town. E. is on a shooting expedition,—returns to-night or to-morrow, but I fear I shall not see him, as we must leave to-morrow. We go first to Prince Edward

Island, of which George Dundas is Governor. We went and called on Lord Mulgrave, the Governor of Nova Scotia, whom I knew in the House of Commons, who received us very hospitably. We dine with him to-day, and he is going to walk us about the place. Curiously enough we found Mrs Dundas staying with the Mulgraves. Her brother, D.'s private secretary, goes with us to-morrow. We go by railway to a place called Truro, thence to Charlotte Town, Prince Edward's Island. As I expected, it was a lie about Washington, and I won £2 upon it. This is rather a pretty place from the sea, and looking to the sea. The harbour, a mile or so across—a long inlet of the sea—with wooded banks; there are a lot of men-of-war in it. The town is mostly of wood, and rather poor-looking; Government house, a gentleman-like place, in a small garden just out of the main street.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,
August 24, 1861.

I CONTINUE my history of "an M.P. in search of a creed" from very comfortable quarters. I arrived here at seven this morning. George Dundas was very glad to see us, and the quietness and delightful climate are very solacing after our journeyings. On Wednesday, when we had deposited our baggage and called on the M.'s, we started in a "waggon"—that is, a spider-formed American four-wheeled phaeton—and drove round the environs of Halifax. These are very lovely. The forest, with which most of Nova Scotia is covered, comes up to the town and down to the water's edge. The inlet of the sea, on the shore of which the town stands, stretches ten miles inland; and below the town its arms extend inland, the water being very deep. The ground rises some 200 feet, and the view is extensive and very beautiful in every direction. On the points of land commanding the entrance of the harbour are heavy batteries. The town is

almost all built of wood; but the houses are handsome, picturesque in shape, and brightly painted. Throughout these provinces they are of the same character. On account of their liability to catch fire, no more large ones are to be built of wood. There is a quantity of shipping, and eleven English men-of-war, besides French, which look well from the heights. At four we joined Lord M., and walked up to the citadel and a little way out of the town to call on the Admiral, Sir Alex. Milne, whom we found at home, also Lady M. and Miss H. M. Her brother was on a fishing expedition; he and she are going to make a little tour in Canada. We dined pleasantly with the M.'s. About 9.30 Middy Wauchope arrived with a message from Egerton that he had arrived, and would be very glad to see me. Accordingly I went off to the St George, and sat a little while with him. He had had no sport, but looked brown and well. Some steamers have come up from the West Indies with the yellow fever raging on board, and many deaths are still taking place on board. St Clair, a cousin of the Homes, an officer of one of them, had died of it. My sisters knew him, I think. Miss H. had just heard of it.

We left Halifax yesterday, at 6.30 A.M., by train; very sorry to be so hurried, as we had many kind invitations. One from Mr Dixon of the Engineers, Mrs Muir's nephew, and Charlie's companion in their house. The railway carriages are of the American model, enormously large open saloons: I don't like them; and they are so cheap that men in working clothes go first class, though, as there is a second class, it is not so common as in the States. At 10.30 we got to Truro, a pretty little town at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The line ran all the way through fir forest, only here and there cleared by the rude plan of setting it on fire, which leaves for miles blackened stumps, and a wreck of great stumps; by degrees patches round the wooden huts are cleared and brought into cultivation. Here a light phaeton of D.'s was waiting, which had brought Mrs D., and his brother-in-law and private secretary, Mr A., a good-looking good-natured man, who, at twelve, after we had lunched, proceeded to drive us the forty

miles to Pictou, whence the steamer runs for this place, Charlotte Town. This young gentleman having faint ideas of topography, though he had travelled the road a month before, took a wrong turn out of Pictou, and drove us eleven miles down the north side of the Bay of Fundy, till by our map we saw he was wrong, and we retraced our steps to Truro by about three. We had nothing for it but to rest and commence anew the forty miles, which, having dined, we did about five—luckily got two changes of horses on the road, and reached Pictou at 10.30, in time for the steamer at one. It was queer work driving a road which only Atkinson had been, and he only once before, through a forest all the way, up and down, with lots of holes, and over many rickety bridges, composed of loose logs: but the horses, which were those of the stage-coach, were at home, and went along merrily. The horses in this part of the world are excellent, not very large, but well-bred, wiry, and good movers. The coaches, by the by, by one of which we sent our luggage, are vast affairs, holding nine or twelve inside *à la char-à-banc*, slung very loosely on account of the ruts and holes, and much like what those of Queen Anne's time must have been in England. The forest was on fire in several places near the road, and looked bright in the night. The dark places in it were grand. The cleared farms were gay spots, with their bright wooden houses, and green fields, with huge loose log fences. The settlers all seem comfortable, thriving, and sober people; their time must be heavy in the long winter, which is very severe, the thermometer being far below zero. Here the sea freezes for four months. One cannot imagine it by the sensation of the present weather, which is delightful. The steamer had little sleeping accommodation, and I passed the night on a plaid on the floor of the cabin, sleeping soundly enough. The town is small and mean, but with one or two handsome buildings. It is absurd enough in an island which, though as large as England south of the Thames and Bristol (and somewhat of the same shape), has only about 80,000 inhabitants, to find a parliament of two houses, prime minister,

attorney-general, &c., &c., and party warfare as strong as in England. Government House is a good large country-house-looking building—the front door facing the bay, with only fifty yards of turf between, and a small farm belonging to it. Dundas seems quite happy, and to have got on well with the people, which is often difficult in these places, where the parliament is elected by universal suffrage, and the party who are out try to turn out the government by accusing every member of it of bribery, robbery, and lying, verbally and in the newspapers (one of the leading members generally editing the opposition paper), and extending such accusations to the Governor himself, if he supports his ministers; it is a burlesque on government, but is not quite so abominable as that of the United States, where there is no head at all. There is, however, a tolerably hearty British feeling, and at all events a growing feeling of aversion to the United States, with a sympathy for the Southerners, partly the result of the language of the Northern papers, who have been talking of annexing the British provinces when they have "whipped" the South, and partly of the trade with the South, on which they mainly depend, being stopped by the blockade. There is an expectation that the British Government are going to declare the blockade of the Southern parts ineffectual, and prevent the stoppage or seizure of British vessels entering them, as two more heavy frigates are ordered out to reinforce the already large squadron in these seas. This would lead to a pretty row with the States, but if, as is likely, it is done in conjunction with the French, the Yankees will be too prudent to declare war.

I may mention that, since I landed at Halifax, I have hardly seen a handsome woman, though all are decent-looking. I should add that I have not seen a beggar, or even a poor-looking person. No wonder, where every labourer can earn four shillings a-day, and living is very cheap. Wood may be burned for the gathering, and there is plenty of coal at Pictou and Sydney. In the afternoon, we drove out into the country, and D. and I walked five miles back; the forest

which covered the island not long since is quickly being changed into neat farms. All the island we saw was of the same kind—in different stages of progress. At dinner (25th) we had "the Premier" Mr P., a decent-looking man, of whom Dundas has a high opinion, and another "Member of the Government." On Saturday (26th) A. drove me some fourteen miles into the country, and we fished in a river in which trout abounded so much that we saw a shoal of them running after our flies in the water at every cast, and there were two or three rising at each of the flies. We caught, in two hours, our basket full of beautiful trout—greenish in colour, with bright red spots and reddish fins, their flesh almost as pink as salmon—besides a cloth full of what would not go in the basket, and about two dozen which had dropped alive into the water at the bottom of the boat, and which, as we had to get back in time for dinner, I had not time to catch again! In the evening we had more of the Government to dinner. It is a very interesting and thriving province, and we are very glad to have visited it. Bourke is a great authority here, as he has written a book on parliamentary practice which is a standing text-book in the provincial parliaments, and the legislators are much delighted to meet so celebrated a man! Dundas seems to be very popular, and to be respected by all sides.

SHADIAC, NOVA SCOTIA, *August* 26.

WE have crossed here in a sailing vessel from Summerside, a little place on the north-west of the island, to which we drove forty miles, and were hospitably entertained there by the chief man of the place. We are on the point of leaving for St John's, New Brunswick, by train, and shall sleep there to-night; go on to Frederickton to-morrow, by steamer on the river St John; and after visiting the governor at F., travel through the woods 150 miles—we hope in two days—to Rivière du Loup on the St Lawrence, see the Saguenay river,

which is famous, and reach Quebec on Saturday or Monday next. Everybody is very civil and obliging to us, taking it as a compliment that we come to see their provinces.

WOODSTOCK, NEW BRUNSWICK,
August 28, 1861.

WE have pushed on a good bit since my last. We travelled on Monday by a very nice railway from Shadiac to St John's, passing in the first place through forest partially cleared, like what we had seen before—the latter part by the banks of large lakes, through which runs a tributary of the great river St John, and through a more advanced district. It was dark when we reached St John's, but we walked about a little by moonlight. It is a fine town of 40,000 people, and has a great trade to all parts of the world. In the train a man walked up to me, and having asked me if I was Sir James Fergusson, said he was a Girvan man, and begged pardon for making himself known, but that when he saw my name on my baggage, it "made his heart jump." He had left Girvan young, and come out here with no capital but a good education got in the parish school at Girvan, which used to be very good, and he is now possessed of a capital business in the lumber (Anglicè, timber) trade, employing more than fifty men. He is called Hew Dalrymple Hamilton Davidson, after the late Sir H. D. H. of Bargany. He gave us a great deal of information. It appears there are a good many Ayrshire men doing well in these parts; among others Mr Jardine, the chairman of the St John's and Shadiac Railway (100 miles), is a Girvan man. The railway carriages all over America are enormous saloons, through which, and from one to the other, one can walk at pleasure, which is not pleasant to English ideas. Mr Davidson was very anxious I should stay, that there might be a Scottish demonstration, which I was glad to be able to avoid, by our necessary haste in these parts. We came up yesterday, by steamer on the St John river, nine

hours' voyage to Frederickton, the capital of the province, arriving about five. The river steamers are curious affairs, —flat bottomed, with two open decks rising high above the water, the upper of which is the distinguished one. The scenery of this grand river is very fine. It is from 400 to 800 yards wide. Near St John's the banks are high and steep, the rocks rising from the water, which rushes between them. As one ascends, the stream is less strong, and there are numerous arms stretching inland, like Loch Long. Higher up, the banks flatten, and for forty of the seventy miles to Frederickton, nice-looking farms border the river, beyond which commences the great forest, which extends for miles upon miles everywhere inland. In fact, the cultivated land, for the most part, only fringes the rivers and railways. Frederickton is a pretty-looking town on the bank of the river, has nothing particular about it but a handsome cathedral church. At the landing-place we were met by the private secretary of the Governor, with an invitation to me to stay at Government House. We went to dine. He would have kept us, but as we were bent on progress, he expedited our journey this morning. We left on the top of one of the wonderful heavy coaches before described, and had a pleasant journey of about sixty-five miles, which occupied from 8.30 to 7 P.M. The road followed all the way the right bank of the St John river, sometimes rising high above the stream, just now too low for steamers to run higher than Frederickton. I never saw a more lovely country in my life. Prosperous farms, often with very pretty houses, border the river everywhere, sloping from it up the low hills, on the top of which the forest begins again. The trees are beautiful in shape and colour; large maple, willow, wild cherry, elm, "hemlock" (a tall tree something like a larch in foliage, with a curiously twisted stem), vary the mass of spruce fir of which the forest generally consists. The sheet of water is so wide, the views of it so very extensive—often, as one rises high above it, for twenty miles—that it struck us very much. This place is a smart, thriving, little town, and the inn where

we are is very pretty, and the people most anxious to please. Before we supped we had a plunge in the cool river, which was delightful after the dusty road and hot sun. It is as hot in the day time as it often is in England, but the mornings and evenings are very cool, and the air always clear and dry. Our companion on the coach was a thorough-paced Yankee, who replied to every remark on the beauty of the view, the goodness or otherwise of the road, the driving of the coachman, the style of the horses, the form of the trees or the size of the river, by assuring us that all these were much finer in the State of Maine. He grew very conversational, and asked me among other things, if I knew "an Englishman, Mr Taylor," whom, on further inquiry, he described *as a traveller for a Sheffield house.* I hesitated, and asked questions with a view to see if he *was* a friend of mine, and finally decided that I did not think I knew him, while B. irreverently gave signs of suppressed *guffaws* behind the man's back. A remarkable sight is that of the huge timber rafts which are floated down the broad river either to St John's, or to some of the great saw-mills on its banks. We saw one yesterday in tow by a tug steamer, which must have been *three or four acres* in extent. On this river alone the trade in wood is enormous; for miles the banks are fringed with rafts in course of formation, composed of huge logs, and this river is only one of many such.

DEJOLI, ON THE ROAD TO RIVIÈRE DU LOUP,
August 30.

WE have had two rather hard but pleasant days' journey up the valley of the St John, one of the most beautiful drives I ever travelled; although in a sort of cart on springs, which, on the rough and *holey* road, pounded one's bones properly. Yesterday the country was much as before, though in this forest country there is no monotony, and frequent splendid views. We travelled seventy-five miles in three stages, starting at seven (we could not get the people of the house up in

time to move earlier), stopping for an hour to feed ourselves at one, and arriving at "The Great Falls" at 6 P.M. "The Great Falls" is a small town on a point of the river where it falls from a sheet of water one hundred yards wide, suddenly down a deep rocky gorge a third of that width, and fifty or sixty feet deep, with a thundering noise, a wild confusion, and a dense mist of spray; then rushes from the bottom of the fall for some distance in boiling rapids down a narrow gorge bounded by cliffs, I should say, one hundred and fifty feet high. A suspension bridge carries the high road across this, some one hundred and fifty yards below the falls. We stood on the brink of these last night, and enjoyed a grand and even awful sight. It must be tremendous when the river is full, and it is now at its lowest, though still very large. To-day we got off at half-past six, took our first pair of horses thirty-six miles, a tolerable stage, in six hours through the forest, changed and refreshed at "The Little Falls," where the river St John turns up into the States' territory, and followed a tributary of good size which joins it there, for twenty-one miles, to this place—a handsome hotel farm-house, at the foot of a lake twenty miles long, and on the banks of the aforesaid river, the Madawaska, which appears to be alive with trout. The house is kept by French people—as the country is populated by them for forty miles back and onwards throughout Lower Canada, which we entered ten miles back. This is a journey seldom made by English voyageurs; but it is one which, if nearer home, would cut out the Rhine. All through this country the people have an independent republican manner, rather bearish and offensive, as I think, but they are kindly and obliging. The cookery is of the most crude and ignorant and greasy description in the inns, but these are otherwise clean and tidy. They gave me tea for whatever meal I asked for, and have little else but eggs and salt pork. If one had time to stop, there would be splendid sport—fishing in the rivers, shooting moose (an enormous deer), and in some parts bears, in the woods; but our object is too far off to be lost sight of even for such charms.

RIVIÈRE DU LOUP, LOWER CANADA,
Sunday, September 1.

As I hear we shall only just catch the mail at Quebec to-morrow, I shall inflict one more sheet upon you; but, if my letters have been reaching you, I think you must have had enough of *Fergusson's Handbook of British America.* We were tantalised at Dejoli by seeing trout rising by scores in the river before the door, when we had not a hook or line, and not one was to be had in the place. We had bought some fine trout from a successful fisherman on the road. We left our snug French quarters at about eight—having been delayed a little by rain, almost the first we have seen—in a birch-bark canoe, propelled by two men standing with paddles in the Indian fashion. It was the same which took Prince Alfred when he made the same journey last year. They are beautiful boats, as light as possible, so thin that when this one lay on the stones by the shore, we could feel them through her bottom as we sat in her. The passengers have to sit or lie very still, but it is a charming kind of conveyance; she was so buoyant, that though it became pretty rough, she rose on the waves without feeling their shock. This lake, called Temiescouata, is twenty-five miles long, something like Loch Lomond in shape and banks, except that the forest stretches from the water-side as far as the eye can reach. We landed fifteen miles up the lake, and found waiting a carriage sent for us from this place. The stout little horses brought us the whole forty-eight miles, resting an hour and a half at St Francis, a place fifteen miles from here; but the road being in parts bad, though lately made at great cost by Government, and a bridge having been carried away, we did not arrive till near 11 P.M. This road is new, and here and there French settlers from other parts were attacking the forest, and commencing, by burning, the struggle by which a living has to be extracted from "a clearing." The ascent which we began at St John's continued till we came

within twenty miles of this place, which lies at the junction of the Little River, so called, with the St Lawrence. It was as large as the Doon, and tumbles down a rock of seventy feet just before it reaches the St Lawrence. The latter is magnificent here, beyond my expectations. It is *twenty* miles wide, and, even at low water, deep enough for three or four miles wide for the largest ships. We were compelled, from steamers not sailing, to abandon our intended visit to the Saguenay river, which runs into the St Lawrence from the northward, just below this place. It is of unknown depth, runs between perpendicular walls of rock, close to which the largest steamers can sail. We are here in an excellent little French hotel, in which are an Englishman and his wife and a French member of the Canadian Parliament, from whom and from others we have heard a good deal of useful information. We went to a little English church to-day, where the service was performed in rather a slipshod way to a scanty congregation. Nearly all the population of this part of Canada are Catholics, who have a very fine church here. We enjoyed a quiet day very much, though we are both very much the better of our open-air travelling in a delightful climate, and perhaps from the temperate habits of the country, as at all meals the only deviation from a water diet appears to be tea. Mr Rosa, superintendent of the roads here—to whom I was commended by Mr Rose, and who sent the horses for us—with his neat French wife, entertained us at a very well-ordered tea this evening. We all enjoyed the *Times* of the 16th August. To-morrow we go to Quebec at 8 A.M., by train one hundred and twenty miles, or five hours' journey. Nothing can be more loyal to England than the feeling of every one we meet, of whatever rank. There is no sympathy with the United States, and every one appears thankful for the real freedom and good government here. Many Americans, both from North and South, are coming here and to New Brunswick, in spite of the difficulties thrown in their way to escape from the reign of terror which seems to be commencing. In the North we hear that people are taken up on suspicion of having Secessionist sentiments.

Newspapers which appear to disapprove of the war are seized and suppressed. No man dare speak against it. A strict passport system is established. Private letters are opened, and arrests are made if the contents are hostile to the powers that be. When we go to the States, besides taking heed what I say, I shall be careful what I write to you. As long as we keep our own counsel I don't believe there will be the least chance of annoyance to us, and that is easily done; but matters will soon come to a fearful state there, it is certain. The people here are much pleased that so many troops have been sent from England, and that, as they think, more are coming. The common phrase is, that if the Yankees try to annex Canada they will have a hard nut to crack, as I think they will. I hope to be at New York in ten days, and to find letters.

MONTREAL, *September* 6, 1861.

WE reached Quebec about three o'clock on Monday, and I saved the post-bag a moment only. I was a good deal knocked up by the heat and rattling of the "*cars*"—a most abominable kind of railway omnibus it is. I called on Colonel Hawley of the 60th Rifles (4th Battalion), quartered in the Citadel, who walked out with us four miles to call on the Governor-General, Sir E. Head, in a nice country-house on the banks of the St Lawrence. He is a kind and clever man, but has not a popular manner, the people say. He is a brother of Sir F. Head, and was formerly governor of New Brunswick. We dined at the mess of the 60th, who have been most kind to us. It is a very fine battalion indeed; and the officers, who are very young, are a very agreeable and gentlemanlike lot. Sir James Elphinstone's son is an ensign, and a very nice fellow he is. Their good dinners are an agreeable change after travellers' fare, and I read all the *Times*. Quebec is a quaint old French town, built on the north bank of the river. The church roofs and spires and

many of the houses being covered with tin, shine prodigiously at a distance, and the views one has of the town are very beautiful. The streets are narrow, steep, and winding; the town surrounded by fortifications. The Citadel overhangs the river, and the view from it of the wide flood of the St Lawrence is very fine. The largest ships, far below one, look dwarfed. The churches, chiefly Catholic, are handsome, as the Catholic ones are all through the province. One hears more French than English in the streets. During our walk we saw the obelisk Lord Dalhousie founded to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, with an inscription commemorating their bravery, and not forgetting the achievements of the founder of their monument. We also saw the plains of Abraham, the site of the battle, and the place where Wolfe fell. On Tuesday, we breakfasted with the 60th. The morning being wet, Colonel H. could not show us his regiment as he intended. In the afternoon we drove in a calèche (a *convaniency* on two high wheels, balanced on thick leather springs, which nearly jolts your heart out) to see the Falls of Montmorenci, one of the chief lions. A considerable river there falls sheer down 260 feet into the St Lawrence. The rock slightly inclining outwards, the mass of falling water is combed out as it were into long jets of spray like spun glass. It is the finest, though not the largest in point of body, I have seen. It is some nine miles from the town. On our return we inspected the latter, and particularly a large Catholic University, founded, built, and endowed by a Bishop of Quebec, where the youth (at least of the superior class) of the province are educated. Also a shop of Indian work, in which we spent a good deal of money. Dined again with our Rifle friends. There was a marriage this day, and a ball in the evening in consequence, to which all the town went. We were too late in hearing of it to get an invitation.

Wednesday.—As I was sitting down to breakfast Mr Cartier, "the Premier" of Canada, walked in, to whom I was recommended by Mr Rose, and who had called twice on the previous evening in return to our cards. He is a little, sharp, fresh-

looking lawyer. As we could not dine with him, he made me adjourn my breakfast, which we took with him. Spent two hours in conversation, B. trying hard to get off one of two men who are to be hanged in Montreal to-day, upon a point of law, or rather of practice, in England. He gave us a good deal of information, showed us his office, &c., and sent us down with an officer to see the Houses of Assembly (not now sitting). We passed an hour or more in the library, and afterwards drove out in another caleche to the Falls of the Chaumière, about twelve miles on the other side of the St Lawrence. This was much against my will, having seen enough waterfalls, and not relishing three hours more in one of those confounded vehicles. However we had a charming drive, and the falls were very fine. The stream at this season is only about 100 feet wide, and broken by rocks in the centre. It falls some seventy feet into the deep basin with much noise and steam therefrom. Returning soon after six, we got in time to the Governor-General's to dinner at seven, and had rather a pleasant evening. I sat between Miss Lefevre, daughter of Sir John Lefevre, and Miss Head. Sir E. Head was very kind. He has never got over his only son's death last year, who was over for his vacation, and was drowned while bathing. There was only Colonel H., the military secretary, and his wife, and Lord St Asaph, travelling here, with, I believe, his brother.

Thursday.—I breakfasted at the hotel (a filthy place, by the bye—I killed a rat in my room last night with a boot—a good shot) with a brother of Cavendish Taylor I introduced to you once. I had not seen him for two years. He has married the daughter of a rich Maryland gentleman, and has come over to visit him this year. He gave me more information and letters. Went and saw the 60th on parade, and they were put through a few movements for my edification. I never saw a nicer lot. Passed an hour in the hateful occupation of packing, and departed at four in a big river steamer for this place. The vessel was 150 feet long, with two towering decks above what would be *the* deck with us, and the

engine sticking up over all in the middle. The saloon, I suppose 100 feet long, on the middle deck. Everything is above the water-line. There is a certain sameness in any river which is for the most part more than a mile wide. The banks are high enough to prevent you seeing inland, yet not high enough for scenery. Nice, clean, airy berths. It is a preferable route to the railway, which, moreover, goes but little faster, and through the bush. The House of Assembly meets alternately at Quebec (Lower Canada) and Toronto (Upper), three years at each. The buildings are temporary, as it has been settled by the Home Government that the permanent place shall be at Ottawa, on the borders of each. This was because neither could give way to the joint Parliament meeting within the territories of the other. The Legislative Assembly (House of Commons) consists of 130 members. There is an armchair and a little desk for everybody. They write all their letters, and, I believe, read the newspapers, in their places in the House! which they take care to attend, as they get six dollars (24s.) a-day when they do. The leader of the opposition, Mr Brown, was treasurer of a bank, or some such office, in Edinburgh. He is now editor of a newspaper which daily charges the Prime Minister with gross malversation and fraud. This, in these parts, is called political controversy. He lost his seat at the recent elections. From the colonial Hansard I observe that he rather follows the tactics of Mr Williams than of Mr Disraeli. I am sorry to find that not only the public but the officials of the House hold it rather cheap. The Constitution, however, is not so democratic as in the other provinces. They have no vote by ballot, and a man must be either a tenant paying £5 a-year rent, or a proprietor of the value of 200 dols. (£40). Conservatism is rather at a premium just now. (You have not read nearly all this, I am sure, so I am inclined to go on.) I think I told you that in New Brunswick, since the ballot was instituted, bribery has increased; and we were told that it was a common sight to see a voter sitting on a log with an agent of the rival candidates at either end holding an auction for his independent suffrage.

The preceding having been written in the steamer, I may as well add that we arrived here this morning early, and have spent the day in seeing the town, which is large, regularly built of fine white stone, and has nearly 100,000 inhabitants. We climbed to the top of the cathedral of Notre Dame, from which we saw it well. It stands on a bend of the St Lawrence, which half surrounds it. The great lion is the tubular Victoria Bridge—the iron part alone being about a mile and a quarter, through which the Grand Trunk Railway runs. We saw Sir F. W., the general, who very kindly asked us to his country place, and various other people to whom we were recommended.

We were astonished to find this morning that the wretched man, whose execution B—— tried to prevent, was respited by telegraph yesterday, which showed that the Governor had paid more respect to his arguments than he appeared to do at the time. The man had been told only a few hours before that he was positively to be hanged. The execution of the other was attended, I hear, with some rioting, the Irish mob declaring that he was hanged because he was a Catholic, and the other let off because he was a Protestant. We did not assist at the ceremony. We go to-morrow to Ottawa, on Monday to Toronto, Tuesday to Niagara, and return here on Thursday: we shall probably get to Boston on Saturday.—Ever yours.

OTTAWA, *September* 8, 1861.

IN my last I hardly did justice to Montreal. It is a fine commercial town itself, and the buildings surprise one by their massive appearance; but the villas and country-houses in the neighbourhood are like those near London or Glasgow. There are some hills of easy ascent near the town, perhaps 200 feet high, and on the slopes of these the chief Montrealites delight to have their places. We were asked to dine

with a Mr B——, managing director of the great but ill-fated Canadian railway, the Grand Trunk, to meet Mr Watkins, an English railway notable, whom the despairing English shareholders have sent out to see what can be made of this unprofitable undertaking.

We left Montreal at seven on Saturday morning for this place, intending to return after Niagara. Our present views will probably take us in another direction. Our first ten miles were by railway, and we took a large river-steamer at the head of the rapids which flow above Montreal, and steamed above four hours up the St Lawrence, which here, at this season, is shallow, though two miles wide, with flat banks, to the junction of the Ottawa river, where, on account of the rapids, you go up a lock, and on to a point where stronger rapids make a transfer to a short railway for fifteen miles necessary, then steamer again for five hours to "Ottawa City." The water of this river is like moss-water, that of the St Lawrence clear and bright. The Ottawa has a strong even current between low wooded banks, covered with brightest green foliage. Near its junction with the St Lawrence it spreads very wide, and is broken by numerous islands; afterwards it is monotonous, with long straight reaches, perhaps half-a-mile wide, up to Ottawa, when suddenly it makes one or two sharp turns, the right bank rises precipitously upon rugged rocks, and upon the table-land beyond there is the young capital of Canada. A little way above the landing-place a suspension-bridge is thrown across two rocks between which the main channel runs; and just above the bridge is the most extraordinary cataract I have seen. The river rushes over the edge of a table or shelf of cavernous limestone rock, perhaps a quarter of a mile across, but projecting in the centre like a crescent, straightened at the extremities however, and at these, but especially at the right bank, is the greatest body of water. The fall on the right is a straight solid fall of perhaps a hundred yards in length and thirty in height, with much crash and heavy steam. On the left a lighter fall drops into a rocky caldron,

detached by walls of rock from the river, and with no discovered outlet. Whether the river is high or low the caldron is always deep but never overflowing, and its waters disappear into the earth, and they never have been able to make out if they re-enter the river anywhere. Between the two rocky islands and either shore the channels have been converted into "timber-slides," that is, artificial inclined planes, down which sufficient water rushes to carry the thousands of solid rafts of deal, on their way, 400 or 500 miles above in the upper lakes, to Quebec 300 miles below. The timber trade, as it is *the* trade of the country, so it is extraordinary in its proportions and condition. The men who belong to it—"lumber-men," in common language—are great, powerful, half-wild fellows, well-to-do, independent, and proud; living and working in the forests, and piloting the huge rafts, into which a hundred or two of those that shoot the timber-slides are coupled, down these gigantic rivers and across the vast lakes. The miles of logs on the shores, the acres of sawn planks near every town, would make one fancy the speedy extinction of timber, till one sees the unbroken forests near every railway, road, and river, and thinks of the hundreds of miles beyond, and of the many regions of such not yet explored!

The Home Government, acting as umpire between Upper and Lower Canada, neither of whom would concede the seat of joint-government to the chief town in either province, fixed on Ottawa, as standing on the frontier of each. It looks like a city to build which a contract has been made. There are miles of wide streets unpaved, and only here and there "metalled." Here a "block" of fine massive stone buildings, next door a row of wooden "shanties"—here the Royal Victoria Hotel, which will pay when the city is built, there waste ground, stagnant water, and open drains.

A gentleman staying at our hotel says that, twenty years ago, he was driving through a thick forest where the town now stands, and came upon a pack of wolves in chase of a deer. We are at a quiet, clean little hotel, to which we were recom-

mended, as kept by an old soldier. On asking for him when we arrived, we found he had lately died. It is the cleanest and most English place we have been in. They are building here the Houses of Parliament and the Government offices on a great scale. The site is very fine overhanging the river; the style Gothic, and, I think, not very pure. One architect has the houses, another the public offices. Every other town in Canada is disgusted that it was not selected for the honourable and profitable office of holding the Government, and the quarter of a million voted being expended, many think the Houses will vote no more, in the hope of obtaining a change in the settlement. The tone of morality among public men is not very exalted in this country. Self-interest, or the pecuniary advantage of leading constituents, is commonly imputed to members as their motives; and the usual form of attack by a "political" opponent is against the character of his rival.

We were persuaded to stay another day to have some fishing, which we were promised should be very good. We went out with Mr G——, an English engineer here, but we only got some eight or nine fish of about 1 lb. each, and of a kind I did not know before. We saw a funny mode of sailing in the river—a canoe going before the wind, the owner having stuck up a fir branch for a sail, with which primitive propulsion he went along at a good rate. We had the benefit of a really good church yesterday, in which the service was carefully performed, and an excellent sermon preached.

TORONTO, *September* 10.

AT 7 A.M. we left Ottawa yesterday (Tuesday) morning, travelled fifty-four miles by a smooth railway to Prescott, on the St Lawrence, where we took the steamer (Canadian) for this place. Soon after leaving Prescott, one begins to pass through the "thousand islands," where the St Lawrence, apparently

none diminished by the loss of the Ottawa, spreads out to a vast width, and is interspersed for miles with numerous rocky islets, crowned with stunted fir-trees. The effect is pretty, though not so wonderful as guide-books would lead us to think. To see these we gave up going by the Grand Trunk Railway (ten hours), though it passes through a rich farm country. At four we reached Kingston, a town which, though pretty big, and possessing good streets and some fine buildings (a good court-house among them which we visited, the quarter-sessions being sitting, for B. to criticise), looks as if it had seen better days. All towns, including this, seem alike in this country; covering a great space of ground, every house with elbow-room, wide unpaved streets, and everything suggestive of ease without wealth. We had two hours to wait, so we had a walk. Soon after leaving Kingston, we entered the vast sheet of Lake Ontario, twelve hours' rapid steaming over which—the vessel making much the same movements as she would in the English Channel—brought us this morning to Toronto. We are at the "Revere House" (hotel is a word seldom used here), a large and business-like place. After purification and breakfast we walked out to the barracks of the 30th, and saw Alexander Boyle. The barracks are on the banks of the lake, and miles from the town. He is in camp, the barracks being insufficient. I dined with him at his mess this evening. He seems to be liked, and is devoted to shooting and fishing. We called afterwards on various people to whom we had letters. Mr Rose's friends were from home, but we had a long talk with Mr Brown, late leader of the Opposition in Parliament, an Edinbnrgh man, a clever, clear-headed, though violent Scotchman. He is to do us the honours for some of the chief places in the town to-morrow morning. The Chief-Justice is to show us the Courts, and, in the afternoon, we are going to take steamer and cross the lake to *Niagara*. We fell in with Elphinstone on a little expedition here to-day. They are much pleased with themselves here in having laid down a street railway *à la* Mr Train, to inaugurate which they had a great dinner last night. We mean

to make our way to Chicago, the great city of the Western States, and therefrom go down the Mississippi to Cairo, seeing what General Fremont, the Federal general, is about, and getting across to the other side if we can, passing through Virginia, &c., and coming back to Northern territory at Washington, some three weeks hence, if all goes well. We hear that Englishmen can travel anywhere, and we shall seek to give offence to no one. People here are not so certain of the ultimate success of the North as the English papers, but I doubt their having as accurate information. We have pleasant and temperate weather, at night a greatcoat is just wanted.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS,
September 13, 1861.

FIGURE you the "noise of many waters" sounding in my ears as I write, and signified, I believe, by interpretation of Niagara in the Iroquois tongue. From my window in front of the huge hotel called Clifton House, I look directly up to the "Horseshoe Fall," on the Canadian side, distant some three-quarters of a mile, while nearly opposite, and at right angles to my window, thunders that called the "American," and which, though far less in volume, has, even in presence of its greater brother, a mighty and astounding voice. I was told to expect to be disappointed, at least at first sight, but I say rather that "the half was not told me." To describe them is difficult indeed. Whether I think of the grand rapids, in which this giant river rushes for two miles above, in themselves a sight worth an Atlantic voyage to see, spreading, I am sure, a mile in width, raging over hidden rocks in towers of foam, or varied by rushing depths of green waters, on which nothing could float and live, or of the terrible Falls themselves, seen from the brink of the cliff beside them, from which one can look close into the green flood as it leaps across the gulf of the cataract down into the misty clouds which wave over the

awful chasm, and upon the sea of milk-white foam in which the beaten waters rush for hundreds of yards before they regain their deep-green colour; or, not less grand, the pent-up torrents of tremendous depth which tear for miles below between wild and lofty cliffs, presenting constant changing features and wonders—the glories of this region, all seen in one day, enough to fill a month with interest, are all too great to arrange in my recollection, or to relate in any sort of order. I can only say that the foregoing involved and prolonged sentence will convey to you the state of my comprehension at this moment, and that the most sober imagination, on the first day of a visit to Niagara, may well run a little wild. Any friends of mine who want accurate and detailed accounts of it must read a guide-book, for I am incapable and utterly decline to talk of this wonder of the world by its yards of height, and tons of water, and by the miles of travel of its sound. We left Toronto yesterday afternoon by steamer. A two hours' sail across Ontario brought us to the mouth of the Niagara river, as the St Lawrence is called here, which glides out into the lake, silent, smooth, and gentle, as if it had never foamed and roared. Fourteen miles of railway brought us within two hundred yards of this hotel, an immense square building upon the edge of the river on the Canadian side, commanding the finest possible view of the Falls. The noise of the train prevented us from hearing anything of them until we stopped, but a few hundred yards back we caught sight of them, and I believe the bright moonlight gave us the best first view we could have had. We lost little time, leaving questions of rooms and baggage to settle themselves, and betaking ourselves to the nearest quiet spot to study "the thunder of waters." This morning, before breakfast, I had enjoyed a close and solitary gaze at the magnificent fall—named in bathos Horseshoe (which it does not in the least resemble, being an acute angle in the centre, with back curving extremities). In the heat of the day we drove to the suspension-bridge, a mile down, over which railway, carriages, and walkers pass, and from which is a free view of the falls

above and the rapids below, down the Yankee side to points christened the Devil's Hole and the Great Whirlpool (the latter exhibited by a hideous object of a man, without arms, but with fingers growing out of his shoulders, who nets loads of money, and is very happy). Goat Island, on the brink of the precipice between the two falls, approached by a bridge over the rapids above the "American" fall, from which the view of river and falls is superb. We recrossed by a ferry-boat, which starts just at the foot of the American, and landed us below this house late for dinner, and covered with spray. To reach the ferry you are shot down for three hundred feet a nearly perpendicular railway, held, almost hung, by a rope. In the evening we walked up this side, past the English falls and the rapids, to a charming place, the property of a rich Canadian, Mr Street, who has built a suspension-bridge to an island, and connected it by smaller bridges with others, far out into the rapids, which rush violently round and through these islands. It is marvellous that no other people have established themselves here. Mr Street has a melancholy recollection connected for ever with his beautiful islands, for from one of them his grandson, a little boy, fell into the water before his mother's eyes, was swept away in an instant, and passed over the falls without the possibility of rescue. His body was never seen again. We went there in company with a Mr Corbin and his son, to whom Taylor at Quebec had given us a letter. They are most charming people, "Southerners," unable in these times to get home, and, like many of their friends, taking refuge on British ground. They are of one of the old Virginian families, though their estate is in Georgia, with an old English pedigree going back to the Stuart times, when they took to the New World. They and their class, educated in Europe, cosmopolitans, gentlemanlike, and generally with British sympathies and views, are very different to the vulgar, pretentious, raffish Yankees, who give the world its ideas of Americans. Whatever may be the merits of the Southern cause, it will, if it succeed, at least have a chance of establishing on this

side of the Atlantic a power, in which it will not be a disqualification for public life to be a gentleman. We shall leave this to-morrow afternoon for Hamilton, at the western extremity of Lake Superior, two hours from here by railway, and there spend Sunday. We are invited to stay with a Mr Buchanan, brother of an Ayrshire gentleman, who was unfortunately shot two years ago by this man's son, who had gone home on a visit to him. We were sorry, as usual, to leave Toronto so soon, for we had several tempting invitations, and there appeared to be some nice people. E. had struck up numerous acquaintances during his few days' leave, and was enthusiastic in his approval of certain fair Torontines. Mr Brown, before mentioned, not only gave us considerable insight into Canadian questions and parties from his own point of view, but took us to some interesting objects in the "city" (all towns are cities here—all hotels are "halls" or "houses;" the man who sells groceries, or stands at the bar, is a "gentleman;" and the only people who do you a service with a good grace are the few real gentlemen, or the black waiters at the hotels).

However, as Mr Corbin says, it is a pleasure to go to Canada, in order to find some of the amenities of life not forgotten. I must be thankful things are no worse; only, had I not been told there were such, I should hardly have known it among the common run one meets, for the Yankee independence has inoculated their manners considerably to European eyes. It is, however, a pleasure to see, as any one will admit to be the case, that in Canada, among all classes, there is a strong feeling of attachment to the mother country, and to the Crown of England—a disinclination, at all events now, to republicanism, and a wholesome dread of democracy, which has by its natural results plunged the dis-United States into war. Mr Brown took us to the Toronto University, a new and very graceful building, in Norman architecture, and standing in a fine park, over which we were shown by a Professor Wilson from Edinburgh. From the highest tower we have a splendid view of the city. Though only possessing

45,000 inhabitants, it is very wide spread. It has many handsome buildings, of which the Canadians are ambitious and proud. The University was formerly attached to the Church of England. The dissenting sects (there being no established church here) agitated until it was secularised. They now call it "godless," and desire to share its funds. These are considerable, it having certain lands, and the trustees have, since paying for the building, lately spent £7000 in a handsome instalment of a library.

From the University we went to the Court-house, a handsome Italian building, in which all the supreme courts of Toronto are very suitably accommodated. We were shown over it by Chief-Justice Draper, of the Common Pleas, and introduced to the judges of Chancery and Queen's Bench, &c. We visited the Normal School. The Government encourage education liberally, paying salaries to teachers (certificated) from the Normal School, in equal proportion to that raised in the districts to which they are appointed; half the cost of books for local libraries, for which an ample supply is kept here. We were compelled to miss the Mechanics' Institute, Lunatic Asylum, &c., all said to be creditable, and from our want of time, could not call on Mr Home and his sister, who were staying, I heard from Elphinstone, at another hotel, where he was. From all I have heard, I am inclined to think that the army of the Confederate States is much better organised, officered, and drilled, than that of the Northerners. We can only see Northern papers, violent, one-sided, for no editor dares to write except for war to the knife, and that his side is sure soon to crush the enemy. But, by their own showing, they cannot, even by enormous pay and bounty, fill the regiments to anything like the number voted by Congress. Their men are gathered from every nation under heaven. From eyewitnesses I hear they are an undrilled, undisciplined mob. The Southerners have had their regiments longer together; they are officered in great part by ex-officers of the United States army, and by gentlemen. They have a cause to fight for—self-preservation. I hear

that many wealthy gentlemen are serving in the ranks. They are fighting in their own country, and in the defensive; they will not risk battles except when they are in positions of their own choosing; on every important occasion they have been successful; and so, though we have no news of them except through unfavourable channels, they possess the elements of success, and at least can hardly by possibility meet with any early or serious reverses. On the other hand, already in the North, we are told, that there is a large party for peace, who are hardly kept quiet by the terrors of mob law.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST,
Sunday Morning, September 15.

WE had a parting look at the Falls yesterday, and performed the standing tourist's feat of going behind the American Fall to the Cave of the Winds—a process attended by no sort of danger, as the rock projects above, and the water flies far in front. You get thoroughly drenched by the spray, which dashes against one to one's clear and ocular demonstration of the volume and force of the fall. Two hours' easy journey, for once in the agreeable society of some American ladies who had been staying at the hotel, brought us to Hamilton at six o'clock. The ladies' father is an ex-captain in the navy, who, on the war breaking out, resigned to escape the painful alternative of fighting against his own State and kinsfolk, or with them and against his own service. Mr B—— met us at the station, and took us up in state to his house, which stands on some table-land overlooking the town, with a splendid view of it, the lake, and a great expanse of flat and fertile country. He is a most hospitable and good-natured, but consequential man. A member of the provincial Parliament, his politics were at once democratic and protectionist. It was our fate to attend the Free Kirk, and we, under the guidance of our host, took our places in the centre gallery. The sermon was

good, but of immense length. Afterwards we met at the door our friends of the voyage from England, the Miss ——, now with their parents, nice unpretending people, with whom we walked to their house, standing in pretty grounds half-way up the hill homewards. In the afternoon I called on Mr Brydges, of the Great Western Railway. The people here are mostly Scotch. Party-feeling in religion, as everything else, runs very high. There are "high" and "low" Church of England churches, a very smart "Established" Church of Scotland, Methodists, &c. The Free and "U. P." Churches in Canada have joined, but seem to have enjoyed an uncertain and interrupted peace within their amalgamated fold.

I will give you a dash of politics to finish, as I have to-morrow a twenty hours' journey, and my letters may be less full and regular hereafter.

The report of additional troops, 2500, on their way out, causes great pleasure here. The American papers reported 25,000, which caused extravagant joy at first. They like troops here because they bring money. But they are really apprehensive of invasion from the States if anything happens to end the war. Still the province does nothing for its own defence, though forays would ruin thousands near the border. Their militia is an utterly undrilled force, from only professing to muster one day in the year; and their volunteers are detached, few, and ill disciplined. Lord Monck's appointment is a very questionable one; and Lord Palmerston's remarks on the character of Canadian public men at Dover will give great offence, especially as they will be thought to have come from Sir E. Head (who is very unpopular), and the Duke of Newcastle (also little estimated here). A very good man is wanted here, and a *very* little want of tact can do irremediable harm. The weather is very pleasant, though the sun is hot during the day.

SHENNAN HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
September 17.

As occurred when two apostles quarrelled, on Monday morning, at break of day, B—— turned back to Niagara, I departed from Hamilton at the comfortable hour of eleven, bidding a tender farewell to the hospitable B——'s. The manager of the Great Western of Canada insisted on giving me the Directors' "car," which would have been very luxurious had I had a companion, but till a director, Mr Becker, got in at London, I was in solitary grandeur. The car contained, 1, a large saloon; 2, a pantry, furnished for eating, and containing sherry; 3, a washing-place; 4, two berths, each with two beds, like a state-room in a ship, besides a passage running through, and an anteroom! One might have lived in it for a week. The line to London runs through a fine valley. London is a fine young town of about 17,000 people, rather injured just now by the dull trade. In some twenty miles before reaching "Windsor," you pass through some enormous marshes bordering on Lake St Clair, and abounding in splendid ducks. The line was made in a curious way through these marshes. Steam "scows" were brought up the lake, and commenced at a point near it to dig out a canal with their steam spades parallel to the proposed line. As they dug, they heaped the stuff upon the line, and at the same time made a canal for themselves to move on by.

I reached Windsor about six, where the Detroit River is crossed in a huge steamer, in which is a saloon, I suppose 120 feet long, like a large hotel coffee-room, with every possible eatable laid out.

Detroit is a large old French town, but I had no time to stop at it, but took "the night cars" for this place. Attached to every night train is a sleeping-car, in which berths are arranged three-deep all round. They would be very comfortable but for the intolerable closeness. The night being wet, there was no dust. I reached Chicago about seven. For ten or twelve miles before reaching it you skirt the

shores of Lake Michigan. It was charming to hear in the cool morning the brave little waves dashing in the bright sand with all the pretension of their salt-sea cousins. This is a wonderful town—perhaps unsurpassed in America. Twenty years ago there were not 20,000 inhabitants, living in poor wooden houses; now it is said to have 120,000. Its streets are wide and regular; the buildings very handsome and substantial; splendid churches; fine horses; first-rate hotels; and an enormous trade. Vessels can pass down the rivers and canals to the sea fifteen hundred miles away, and across the Atlantic without stopping; but, from various reasons, most of the corn shipped here is changed at Buffalo (Lake Ontario), with railways and canals for New York. I visited the celebrated Chicago corn elevators; then the Illinois Central Railway office, which is a curiosity in itself, and informed myself about that line in which A. B. is considerably interested. Attended the trial of a new rifled gun, just going off to General Fremont, which, to amuse the people, was being fired into the lake, not at a mark, but to see how far it would carry! They were short of port-fires or tubes, so I gave them some Vesuvian cigar-lights, stuck at the end of a stick and lighted, which gave great satisfaction. Mr Wilkins, British consul here, is very attentive, and is going to take us out for a day or two to the prairies to shoot. B—— arrived last night all right. There is no mistake about the people being determined Unionists here; and they seem to be stronger for the abolition of slavery than the Government, or the majority of the North. They are a vigorous, thriving race—rather the better from the war at present, as people from the disturbed districts are coming in. Every one I have met has been very civil to me.

ODIN, ILLINOIS, *Sept.* 21.

B—— rejoined me on Tuesday night, tired by a twenty-three hours' journey, but I had a good supper for him, and his room

ready. On Wednesday we continued to inspect the town. I was a little fagged and did not do much. At half-past four we, the consul and his brother-in-law, an American boy, started by train, and went forty miles to a place called Peotone, on the Illinois Central Railway, for shooting. The managers of the railway were extremely civil, and insisted on our taking the directors' car, similar to that on the Great Western, to travel in, and to live in while at Peotone. So we lodged and fed in it, upon a siding, only disturbed by passing trains. The place was a little station on the great prairie. For miles away on every side, only bounded by the horizon, stretched the great waste. It is not a desert, for it is covered with rich long grass, sometimes as high as a man, always as high as one's knees; but it has the same strange silence and solitude. The nights are magnificent at this season, the sky very bright and clear, the air pure, and just now the moon full and very bright. For some miles on each side of the railway, the land is being brought under cultivation; the railway having a concession of it, for some distance, alternately with the Government. It is divided between them in squares. They sell it at a low rate, in lots of perhaps 200 acres, to settlers; and so it is becoming gradually peopled, and, for a few miles on each side, small houses are springing up and tracts of land coming under the plough. It is very rich, and great crops of corn are raised. As the company are taking payment of the land by instalments in grain, enormous quantities are passing up to Chicago. The daily arrivals there are as much as 350 large waggons just now, and sometimes much more. The fields of stately Indian corn are higher than one's head. The richest crops grow where the land is merely scratched with the plough. Great melons and pumpkins are raised in the fields; every cottage has acres of them lying on the ground like huge turnips; and herds of cattle, costing nothing for their feeding, seem almost wild. The very gifts of the soil come so easily, that the farming is coarse and careless and unscientific. Corn is so cheap that, in years when there is less demand in other countries for it,

it is absolutely burned, grain and all, for fuel. Milk is so abundant, that when I got some at a farmhouse (and splendid it was), and I only drank a little, the boy who brought it threw the jugful away like water. The people are independent, and without any idea of differences of station, that is amusing to see, but honest and kindly. Every one has fine horses, which they drive about in light waggons very fast over the flat plain. You may go straight in any direction, only now and then avoiding the swamps, for nature has not forgotten water, and these come at every mile. Hundreds of miles, up to the Mississippi, these prairies stretch away, and far beyond the Rocky Mountains. Here are regions for the surplus population of Europe for centuries, let them increase as fast as they will.

This State of Illinois has grown from 400,000 souls, twenty years ago, to 1,700,000 this year; and is yet bare and scantily peopled indeed. By the by, it has sent, we are told, 40,000 men to the war—the complement called for by the Union. Poor-looking lads enough, many of them are. Since we have been at Peotone, 1000 passed in a train one night, and 1500 another; undisciplined and noisy certainly, but full of keenness and enthusiasm. It is dreadful to think of what they must undergo, apart from fighting: the wasting camp-diseases, and the losses from inexperienced commanders. No man in Chicago can talk any language but for the Union; and I believe that even to be moderate, is to be doubted. There was a rough honest Englishman at Peotone—a railway contractor, or something of the kind, by trade—who has a passion for sport, and who takes three months of it every summer. Mr Wilkins's brother lends him his pointers, on condition of his having them when he goes down. This man and Mr Walker hunted them for Mr W. and me, and the brother-in-law for B. We were thought to do pretty well; we got fifteen brace, on Thursday, of "Prairie chickens," which are exactly like grey hens in appearance, flight, and taste—only rather lighter in plumage. Yesterday we did not do much, but got also some quail, plovers, and

snipe. There are heaps of splendid duck in the swamps (or sloughs, as they call them), but we could not get at them; and there are red deer, some of whose marks we saw in the corn-fields.

B. did not care about the shooting, and departed for St Louis yesterday morning. I followed to-day, and travelled by the Illinois Central, 200 miles, to this place, all the way across the eternal prairie. Some villages are springing up round the stations; and in some places there are considerable woods (of elm, chestnut, and maple, they seemed to me); but it is all a dead flat, and for the most part of the same illimitable appearance. The line is smooth, and the train goes pretty fast. On arriving here at 6.30—a small station on the prairie, where the Ohio and Mississippi line crosses—I expected (by the American *Bradshaw*) to have found a train for St Louis, on the Mississippi; but the war, which has stopped trade and passengers, has caused a diminution in trains, and I found I had to stop here till six to-morrow morning—sixty-five miles short of my destination. There is another man in the same position—a good fellow, from Detroit (Indiana)—whose father it seems was an English officer, by name Stowell, and was killed in the frontier wars. He for many years was an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the Indians, at the head of Lake Superior; and we got on very well together. He was intending to surprise some friends of his, fifteen miles from here—a farmer, a poor Englishman and his wife. She came out at four years old with her parents from the old country; they fell ill and died at Detroit. Stowell took the orphan home, and his mother brought her up. She married a young Englishman of twenty-one who had emigrated. Stowell, after a time, bought them 600 acres of prairie land, and, as may be supposed, is a welcome guest in their house; and their children, he says, shout and hang about him when he appears.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, *September* 24.

I REACHED St Louis at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, got your letter of the 28th, and was just in time to post mine, finished from Odin, for the mail. St Louis is an old French town, but of late years grown to be of some 120,000 inhabitants, on the right bank of the Mississippi, and just below the junction of the Missouri: it is capital of the State of Missouri. One crosses the Mississippi—famous stream!—to reach it in a ferry-boat, on board of which three or four large omnibuses, drawn by four horses, drove with ease. There is a swift steady current, and the water is yellow mud-coloured. The river is about as wide as the Thames at Westminster, I should say, at high water; the town mostly of red brick, irregular, but with some good buildings; the streets not very wide, and nearly everywhere horse railways run in cross directions; the streets are numbered like New York, in succession. St Louis is under martial law, the governor and legislature having tried to secede, and been set aside by a convention of the people and Federal troops. Nothing in its appearance indicates an exceptional state of things. All is quiet, though, from the interruption of trade with the South, there is a general stagnation of business. Troops are pouring in as they are raised in the neighbouring States; for a large revolutionary army is in the field, about 200 miles from the city. It was in this State that the fight at Springfield occurred some six weeks since, in which General Lyon, on the Federal side, was killed. (He left all his property, 30,000 dollars, to the United States.) And while we were at St Louis the news arrived of the taking of the town of Lexington, the Federal garrison being compelled to surrender from want of water. General Fremont, who was a candidate for the Presidency in 1857, is commander-in-chief here. Bourke had called on him, and he had expressed a wish to see me when I came. I accordingly did, by appointment, call on Sunday evening. He is a smart soldier-like little man,

with a handsome face, a short beard, and a very intelligent eye. He was very civil, gave us orders to see everything he could—his staff even offered to take care of us in an expedition he is about to make, I believe to-day or to-morrow, with a view to drive the enemy back. As this involved one day's railway, five days' march, to reach them, we could not undertake it, apart from other reasons. We visited a large camp, or temporary barracks, capable of holding 20,000 men, a few miles from St Louis, the arsenal, &c. General Curtis, commanding the camp, who is living there with his family, was very civil. The troops we have seen are splendid in point of *physique*, and, if thoroughly drilled, would make the finest in the world. They are newly raised, however, and therefore very rough. They must be used without delay; but it is a pity. General Fremont is preparing an expedition for which gunboats are being built, and tug-boats protected by strong casings of beams, to go down the Mississippi; at present, however, it seems as if he must direct his attention to Missouri, and may not be able to leave it. We left St Louis on Monday evening by train, on the Ohio and Mississippi River Railway, going nearly due east, and travelled about 300 miles to Louisville, in Kentucky, arriving at six o'clock this morning.

The condition of this State is very interesting just now. Hitherto it has maintained a neutrality, and communication has consequently been kept open through it between the North and South; but now its Legislature has resolved to cast in its lot with the United States, and a large force is rapidly being raised or concentrated in it. On the other hand, a force of the Confederates has occupied the southern part of the State, between Nashville and a place called Elizabeth Town, where the people are inclined to the South, and an immediate collision seems probable. We resolved to come on here, where the State Legislature is sitting, the discussion in which must be interesting. It is only about sixty miles from Louisville, so we got here this evening. It is an old established State, and much resembles England,

except that the numerous fields of Indian corn remind one of one's whereabouts. There is a fine hotel here, but the greater part of a Kentucky regiment is quartered in it, so it is rather crowded. They are very quiet, however, and are *purposelike* fellows. We have been fortunate in meeting many intelligent people in the trains, and are pretty well "posted up" in the state of feeling. We meet with the utmost civility and kindness wherever we go, as I have no doubt we shall continue to do. There is no mistake about the people being in earnest about the war, and resolved to make great efforts to subjugate the South. With such a spirit, there can be no doubt that the war must be long and bloody, as the success they have had shows that the force of the South is very considerable, and as yet they have been better prepared. It is impossible to say what may be the result when the weight of the troops now collecting by the Government comes to be felt; but I believe Mr Russell and the *Times* have been far too hasty in deciding that they will not succeed. As yet they have not had a fair chance, for they have been raw, and perhaps badly handled forces that have been brought into the field; but a short time will undoubtedly show officers and men better trained, though to European eyes perhaps still raw enough, and the battles must be on a far larger scale.

In passing, I may as well remark, that I have no intention of intruding myself where I have no business, in the way of danger; and I believe that an Englishman, with civility and good temper, is perfectly safe anywhere in this country out of the way of bullets, and no man whose duty does not call him ought to go among them. In a week or ten days we hope to be at Washington.

LOUISVILLE, *September* 25.

WE breakfasted this morning with Mr C., a member of the United States Congress, of some celebrity, to whom

we were recommended. He is a nice old man, with a grown-up and married family about him. His son, General C., commands the State militia; another of his sons took us to see what was to be seen in Frankfort,—the cemetery, a most charming spot, and a beautiful view of the town and adjacent river. Afterwards we were introduced to the State governor, who bears the name of Beriah M'Guffin, and were admitted to the honour of seats on the floor of the Senate (of the State Legislature), where we heard a lively discussion, and the passing of a very important bill, by which no one serving in the Confederate army against the authorities of the Federal Government in this State can succeed to any property within it. There is great enthusiasm and determination here. *The State* has voted 50,000 men, and 1,000,000 dollars (£250,000), which is in addition to its share of the United States expenses. The war will be fearfully great, if its operations prove commensurate with its proportions.

We came down again here this evening, and proceed on our travels probably to-morrow. We have some experience now of "the domestic institution." I don't know how it may be in the rice and cotton plantations, but I am sure that here there is not only nothing shocking in the presence of slaves, but that their appearance is that of great happiness and contentment. They are certainly the most good-humoured and obliging attendants I ever saw, and I never knew domestic servants addressed so kindly and gently as I hear them. Moreover, no such outrage would be committed here as I see by a newspaper took place a few days since in Massachussets, where a black man, having taken a ticket for a concert, was turned out of the room, and on his bringing an action against the lessee, the court nonsuited him. We were introduced this evening to General Anderson, to whom the command of the forces in this State has been intrusted. He was commander of the United States fort at Charleston (Fort Sumter), the siege and capture of which by the Confederates was the first incident of the war. He is between fifty and sixty, and a modest gentlemanlike man. On these frontier states a

rigid examination of baggage takes place to prevent the importation of arms. Our character of Britons saves us most of the usual visitations.

There was an epitaph on a marble monument in the cemetery at Frankfort, erected, we were told, to an Irishman, who left considerable property, but in his life was of irregular and pugnacious habits. Below his name and the date of his death was clearly chiseled the pious motto—"*Requiescat in pace.*" Our cicerone remarked, "D—— him, he did me out of 700 dollars." A very handsome column purports to be erected by the State to a citizen who had slain a most troublesome and formidable Indian, of which event a bas-relief depicted the scene. The same gentleman assured us that the man had done nothing of the kind.

JOURNAL.

The following pages take up the narrative from the point reached at page 37, and contain particulars which it was not desirable to introduce into a letter intrusted to the United States Post-office.

MADE my escape from my prairie oasis, locally known as *Odin, Illinois*, at 7.40 A.M., on Sunday *22d September*,—the Ohio and Baltimore Co.'s train being 1 min. 25 sec. late. Since the war and its interruption of traffic, there is only the one train daily. A pleasant journey of sixty miles, the latter part of which was through undulating and parklike scenery, brought me to East St Louis. Here huge omnibuses, each drawn by four horses, took possession of us, and were drawn down the short but steep banks of the Mississippi to the deck of a ferry-boat, one of the true American sort, with its towering high-pressure engine. A few minutes' steaming across the sluggish, turbid stream brought us to the other side. At the landing-place there lay some river tug-boats, in course of preparation for some offensive expedition—rumour says southwards. Their bulwarks have been removed, and from the gunwale stout six-inch beams are sloped diagonally inboard, resting on uprights and crossed frameworks, for the protection of engines and crews. One would think such screens would avail only against musket-balls. Sunday appeared to cause no interruption to these preparations, as workmen were busily engaged here, and as we afterwards found, in the arsenal.

A short drive through narrow old French-looking streets brought us to the "Planters' House," in the largest (old)

street of the city. Bourke was there, and I found he had already seen Fremont, who had desired I would call when I arrived. I did so at his residence, a handsome house off "Seventh Street," the basement of which was occupied by clerks and the guard, which is furnished from a cavalry volunteer corps, who have constituted themselves, and been accepted as Fremont's "body-guard." Two sentries, dressed in cavalry jackets, with swords, but no carbines, Italian hats and plumes on their heads, stand at the gate and inquire the business of all comers. They are not gorgeous or pretentious as to appointments—which are shabby and rusty enough for the celebrated "Brookgreen Volunteers."

On the ground floor were officers of the staff giving and writing orders—rough-looking they seemed to my eyes, fresh from the sight of bred soldiers, and not at home in their uniforms. They "colonel"-ed and "captain"-ed each other, as if they were trying to get used to the sound. Colonel Woods, an old follower of the General's, now his private secretary, came to me after I had sat a few minutes making my observations. He was very civil, said the General was just going out to inspect the gunboats (I had seen officers' horses at the gate), but that he would like to see me in the evening, and gave me a pass for all camps and posts.

After an early dinner, we drove out to "Benton's Camp," some four miles northwards, a standing camp which occupies the "State Fair" ground, and is a parallelogram of some 600 yards long by 200 wide, consisting of long unbroken rows of huts, fitted up with double tiers of sleeping-bunks on each side. Some of the cavalry horses were picketed, some were in wooden stables. Numbers of the soldiers were lounging about, though the mass, we were informed, were in church. We walked in the direction indicated, where we found some thousand men assembled on the benches of a hippodrome-like arena, in the centre a stand *à la* Cremorne for a band, at the foot of one side of which stood a preacher, as we heard, a Unitarian, endeavouring to instruct the assembled raw material. His voice, all too weak to travel over

such a space, was drowned by the noise of civilians and soldiers walking about the wooden galleries at the back of the seats. We sat down just in front of him, and caught the drift of his very short service, which was a prayer for purity of life and victory, and a sermon inculcating "morality, sobriety, and religion, as becomes those who are engaged in a cause so holy as only to be second in its obligations to their duty to the Deity himself." The hymns struck up, being without a leader and apparently ambitious as to tune, were awfully discordant.

At the close many of the audience, civil and military, came out pell-mell; two or three regiments, however, marched out in order, but with the stiffness of recruits. The men were generally fine-looking, though very mixed and uneven; many were very poor-looking lads. All were stoutly clad, and mostly in Garibaldi shirts, of blue or grey, and blue trousers. None of them, horse or foot, seem to clean their boots; all walk about with open coats, and are more untidy than any English militiamen. General Curtis, commanding this "Camp of Instruction," received us kindly, and, with his wife, son, and daughter, took us to the top of his neat two-storied wooden house, which was built in four days, in the middle of the parade-ground. He has *never* been in the army, but served as a volunteer during the Mexican war, and has since been a member of Congress, which he had to resign on obtaining command; a good-natured gentlemanlike man, but apparently with no fixed idea of drill, &c.—talked of giving "lectures" to officers on their drill. Told me camp was capable of holding 20,000—that numbers varied from 5000 to 10,000 per diem, as they were always coming in and being passed on. Spoke of eighteen days' continuous drill for a regiment as the acme of his hopes. His daughter was ultra-Yankee in feeling, not pretty, but, as usual, well-dressed; was sure of her side winning—talked of the number of victories it had won (including "Manassas Junction"). We listened humbly and not objecting, as became us, to such astounding relations.

We walked back to town, rather wandering in the dark,

which falls suddenly, stumbling upon some of the redoubts in course of construction, by night and day work, round the city; were in time for an Episcopal evening-service, the prayer-book Americanised, and the congregation seeming to grudge any posture but that of sitting on the very comfortable seats, in which kneeling was an impossibility. Chanting and hymns, by two very fine voices, one a female, and a man's —bass—in so slow and varying time that no one could possibly join. Sermon directed against "Universalists"—pretentious, weak, and rather irreverent.

From here I walked to General Fremont. It being after nine, sentries demurred to admit me, even with my pass. On sending card, however, was at once taken to wait in the staff-room, where there were sundry gentlemen growing impatient for their interviews. Was soon sent for and introduced to General Fremont—a short neatly-made man about forty-five, with oval face, close beard, dark piercing eyes, and a soldierlike appearance which I have as yet seen on no other, and wearing his uniform buttoned (also unusual); was very civil, but conversed chiefly on indifferent topics (but, as it seemed to me, speaking with care and reserve, I thought). Said the war in this State was apart altogether from the main contest, and only concerned it as causing the detachment of troops. Major Borsheman, of his staff, and Colonel Wood, invited us to join an expedition they are about to make to retrieve the loss of Lexington, reported to-day. Colonel Mulligan, they heard to-day, has surrendered, from his supplies of water having been cut off, with some 2500 men. As usual the most exaggerated accounts are prevalent of the losses, especially on the rebel side.

Monday.—Visited "the arsenal," where there was very little doing, and very scanty supplies of anything. It is situated on the banks of the Mississippi, three miles from the hotel. The North-Western Rifles, a regiment composed of stalwart countrymen, were having smooth-bore muskets served out, which they declined to receive, and three captains were placed under arrest in consequence. There was

really nothing here worth seeing. We thought it unpromising to go with an expedition of raw troops into the heart of Missouri, and so left at 4 P.M. Passes are required to leave this city, which, as the State is really "insurrectionary," is under martial law. We perceived that it was necessary to sign a declaration of loyalty to the United States, which we declined, and had some difficulty in getting away.

Travelled on a somewhat rough railway to Louisville, *via* Ohio and Mississippi Railway, changing cars at Kirkhill Junction about 1 A.M.; reached New Albany about 5—great delay at the Ohio Ferry; and it was 6.30 when we reached the Galt House. Kentucky being now in a state of civil war, our baggage was attempted to be searched for arms at the station, which our Chicago passports saved us from, the official scorning those received at St Louis from Lord Lyons, and countersigned by General Scott and Mr Seward, Secretary of State, which he said were not worth 20 cents. Made acquaintance in the train with Judge Breckenridge of Missouri—a Kentucky man, going to fetch his wife and children from Lexington, Ky.—a very agreeable person, who gave us letters to Mr Crittenden and others. Another gentleman I conversed with was loud in his denunciation of General Fremont, who has made many enemies by his proclamation decreeing the freedom of the slaves of rebels in Missouri, a step held to be pregnant with danger; and, as it has been reversed by the President with the approval of the country, it is evident that "abolition" is in no shape the object of the North. Besides, it is complained that General Fremont is "exclusive" and unacceptable to "citizens"—that is, persons calling on business have to see the staff, and are often not admitted to the General, whereas everybody with a theory, or in want of a job, expects here to be free of every public man's room.

In Missouri the civil war began thus, according to the statement of the Unionists:—The Governor (Jackson) and Legislature were Secessionists, desiring the support of a plebiscite in declaring for the South. They called a convention of the people. They, by a majority in gross of 80,000 votes,

elected delegates of Unionist principles, but at the same time decided that the convention was unnecessary and should not meet. The Legislature then proceeded to hold secret sessions, and passed votes empowering the Governor to call out the militia in defence of the State, not of the Federal Government. The United States Government then interfered; "loyal" proclamations were issued; General Lyon, second in command of the State troops, took the field, and was gaining successes when he was killed at Springfield. The Governor and commander of the troops, General Price, issued counter proclamations—20,000 men have joined their cause from the State and many from those adjoining. General Fremont told me there are near 40,000 Secessionists in Missouri. The loyal portion elected a new Governor, of whom, however, General Fremont seems to take no account. Practically, however, the conduct of the people of the State, since the war commenced within its limits, would make it appear that their sentiments are now at least opposed to the Federalist interests.

Kentucky has up to this time maintained her "neutrality." The Governor, Beriah M'Guffin, was anxious no doubt to join the Secessionists, but the Legislature, by a large majority, have proved loyal. The die has at last been cast: each side charges the other with having broken the neutrality; but in fact the Secessionists from Tennessee have invaded the southwest with consent of the population, there and in the extreme east disaffected. The Legislature have adopted stringent measures—declaring their loyalty to the United States, their condemnation of the "invaders," voted 50,000 men and 1,000,000 dollars, intrusted the command to Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter celebrity (now General), that of the State militia to "General" Crittenden, son of the old senator, measures which were stoutly resisted and vetoed by the Governor, but passed in spite of him.

We went to bed for three hours, then saw something of the city, a thriving one, and left by the 3 o'clock train for Frankfort, the State capital, which we reached by an excessively shaky railway in about three hours. It is a pretty town,

about 4000 population, lying in a basin of hills, on the Kentucky River, a yellow muddy stream of the size of the Forth at Stirling. We put up at the Capital Hotel, a large building with Grecian portico: the greater part of a regiment quartered in the ball-room. Called on Mr Crittenden about 8 P.M.; were very civilly received by him, his wife, and married sons and daughters. He has a comfortable, well-furnished house. The gentlemen of the family chew, and spit over the carpets, but are gentlemanlike and kindly. The Crittenden compromise, by the way, of which he was the chief author, proposed that the Missouri compromise, by which the line of 29° 30′ was infringed, so far alone as that State was concerned, should be the rule for the constitution of new States, instead of the present law, by which each votes for free or slave labour, but that such rule should be modified, where desired, by a convention. The people, alas! are far beyond such compromises now. Called on Governor and Speaker Buckner of Lower House, but saw neither.

Wednesday, 25th.—Breakfasted at 8 with the Crittendens—a plentiful and hospitable meal, in American fashion. Willing, good-humoured slaves waited—treated, by-the-by, as far as I have seen, more gently than we treat our own servants. Afterwards walked up with one son, formerly United States Consul at Liverpool, to the cemetery, a pretty spot overhanging the river above the town. Pretentious columns to the Kentucky soldiers who fell in Mexico, to Daniel Boone, founder of the State, and sundry local worthies and unworthies. Assisted at a sitting of the Senate, being admitted by the Governor. A bill depriving all Kentuckians of their properties who join, or in any way aid, the Confederates, and rendering them incapable of ever inheriting property in the State, was under discussion, the order of the day being suspended by special vote of the House at 12 o'clock for its continuance. Loud and vehement speeches were delivered for and against. It passed by sixteen votes to ten. Seven Secession members have absented themselves; three have been arrested for "treason." The chamber is about sixty

feet by thirty-five; a gallery at one end sloping up from the floor for the public. Several senators sat with their legs on their desks, all lounged, most read papers, few listened, none applauded or expressed dissent, all appeared to chew. The hall and stairs of white stone were browned all over with huge stains of tobacco-juice. We missed the sitting of the Legislative Assembly, said to be more numerous but less refined. It has 100, the Senate 34 members. We called on the Governor, who was seated in a very shabby room—a black-bearded plain-looking man, with a cunning expression. Men lounged in unannounced on business or off it, with their hats on. A shake of the hand, and "How do *you* do, Mr ——?" to everybody. The Governor being suspected of Secession sympathies is said to be closely watched whenever he goes abroad, and that on his giving a sign of bolting he would be arrested. He has since, however, succeeded in effecting his escape, but while still in power he had to issue proclamations which must have been very distasteful to him. "Liquored" on A 1 Kentucky corn whisky with Mr Crittenden, jun., who presented us each with a bundle of native cigars; and on my buying a pint of the former from the shop where we liquored, the proprietor, Mr Gray, declined to take payment. Nothing can exceed the kindness of all to us. Mr Crittenden volunteered an introduction to General Anderson, to facilitate our crossing the lines, and wrote a testimonial vouching for our entire freedom from political or military motives. Left at 4 for Louisville—arrived, 7.30. General Crittenden took us to see General Anderson—a quiet man about fifty, who they say lost his nerve at Fort Sumter—occupies merely a bedroom at Louisberg Hotel, open to every troublesome "citizen."

September 26th.—Called on General Anderson at 11.30, who gave us a pass to cross the Federal lines. His aide-de-camp, Thogmorton, said, that if Confederates succeeded, he would try for a commission in the English army. He is a gentlemanlike, and rather soldierlike young fellow. I gave him my address. A Colonel Holland gave me hints for route. This is

the fast-day ordered by President. I did not know in time, or I would have gone to church. Made arrangements for leaving, and left our heavy baggage to go to Washington. Mr Miller, of Galt House, gave £25 (Ex. : $4.70) on Coutts's circular note. Left by train at four; only got some twenty miles to Bardstown Junction; detachments guarding under Captain Bowman of Louisville, "democrat," who stopped a military train for us about seven. The crowd prevented our getting in; before it was off again, we overtook it at the water-tank, but the picket officer stopped us, it being pitch dark, and only let us proceed in charge of the escort in a baggage-car of 38th Indiana Regiment, in which we travelled eight miles to Lebanon Junction, and had some difficulty in getting released, as no officer was to be seen. The escort, with the rigidity of recruits, would neither take our pass to an officer, or look at it themselves, and it was only by shouting to a passing officer that at last we got a hearing.

We had to sleep two in a bed at the little inn. A camp of about 2500 men here, apparently a set of raw militia. There was yelling like devils when our train stopped, though "the enemy" are supposed to be here, there, and everywhere.

September 27th.—Up early; saw Colonel Johnson of United States army commanding here—polite and soldierlike. He is sending back the Louisville Home Guards, who are undisciplined and pillaging. He offered to send us on with some of General Sherman's baggage (General Sherman is commanding camp at Elizabeth Town, in advance), but while he was away seeing about waggons, the Lebanon train arrived, and this appearing the readiest route, we stepped into it. It left us at Newhaven, where we, for twenty dollars, engaged a return carriage to Bell's Tavern, near Cave City, some fifty-five miles. A picket stopped us, but our pass and Chicago passports made it all right. Before leaving Louisville, we had enclosed to Lord Lyons the passports sent to us at St Louis, which were endorsed not available for "insurrectionary States." Our vetterino drove very slow: in seven hours we did about thirty miles, to a little roadside inn at Greenriver

(Jackson's), consisting of living-room, and bedroom, and an attic under the roof with two beds, in which—the lower room being occupied by a family on the same road with ourselves—slept B. and I, and the coachman, a dry *dour* old fellow, who was fast making his money by carrying people over the border, and keeping his politics in his pocket. He had brought a party of six northwards in two days for forty dollars, and now took us south for twenty. Nothing could screw more than a jog-trot out of him. Hearing that the Green-river bridge had been destroyed by Secessionist troops the day before, B. and I hurried down one and a half miles, just before dark, to see the place. It had been a wooden bridge some 50 feet long and 20 high, of one span, on rock and masonry supports, which had been broken or blown clean away, and the bridge, fallen into the water (here a still pool), was still burning. The soldiers had been, some four hundred strong, located here for two days. They had kept quiet, and had paid for all they had. Got wet by heavy rain, and returned to a rough supper, and an uncomfortable night, the wind blowing freely through our attic, or rather apple-loft. The weather has become very chilly, the sky clouded through the day, and a cold wind made our greatcoats in driving very necessary. Our host, a rheumatic old man, and his family, were violently Secessionist. Mrs Jackson said, "Lincoln would not do." She said, "You have no servants in England." We said, "Plenty." "But no coloured ones." "No, but plenty of white ones." "Oh! I could never fancy having white servants, they would seem *like one's own flesh and blood*." The man said, "He raised all his blacks, and treated them right well." A boy present, about seven, was a very good one; "at three years old, he was offered 300 dollars for him by a Tennessee man, who said he must have him; he wanted him for a 'buggy boy;' he saw in his eye he would make a good groom. Now, he was a clever boy, went with his missus to meeting, and took her pony." The women did nothing; the blacks, one of whom was the boy's mother, chopped wood, cooked, and brought in supper, waited, &c.; the mistress sitting down with us.

September 28th.—Rose unrefreshed; got off at 6.30; made a detour of two miles, and forded the river; dawdled on and reached Bell's Tavern, on the Louisville and Nashville Railway; some miles below Cave city at one, about twenty-eight miles' journey; luckily just in time for a good dinner. Met many people on the road, most supposed to be Secessionist—were stopped by none. The country was beautiful all the way—wooded with elm, oak, broad-leaved and common, maple, fig. From Newhaven we ascended from a narrow valley, with flat fertile bottom and wooded sides, some eight miles long, through the forest some four or five; then kept pretty high through alternate wood and farms, to Greenriver, thence through a more open and populous district. The land is very fertile, abundance of Indian corn still standing, tobacco fields being cut for fear of the threatened frost, which spoils the crop. The plant resembles broad smooth cabbage, without balls in the middle. A few sugar-cane fields, the plants some eight feet high, surmounted by a dark, drooping bunch of seed. No sheep, but frequent herds of pigs, and indifferent cattle. We found riders more frequent on the road; the men well-dressed, but rough, gave a nod of the head generally in salutation, or asked a question of the road. Many travellers, apparently bound to one or other army. The houses by the wayside generally neat, and painted white.

At Bell's Tavern met a little doctor, a planter from near Lebanon Junction, who considered himself a great Secessionist partisan, and professed to be unable to return home; talked of Southern prospects much in the same style as the North do of theirs. "One Southern worth two Northern, Irish, or Dutchmen. Southerners have ample funds and men; will fight to the last day of their lives. Southern army is orderly, enthusiastic, popular with the people. Northern pillages, ravages," &c. &c.

We learn that Buckner's men have drawn the stanchions out of the bridge at Mumfordsville, which are inserted when their train passes over, and then withdrawn, so that the bridge, though available for them, is unserviceable to the enemy, should he advance. This is an iron railway bridge, half

a mile long. The Secessionists have thus the power of advance, and of protecting their retreat. Got a buggy, and a capital black fellow drove us over to the "Diamond," one mile, and the "Mammoth" Cave, six miles farther on. The former is a beautiful and singular hollow, a third of a mile long, entered by a wooden flight of steps down a sort of shaft, and winds about the stratum of cavernous limestone. Its peculiar beauty consists in the rich and varied forms assumed by the enormous stalactites, some in luxuriant groups of vast leaves, some like mighty fruits, columns, and figures, some of dazzling white, some flesh-coloured, some brown; the thin leaf-shaped ones emitting when struck most musical tones. This cave was only discovered some two years since. Some six miles through woods, not like wild forests, but resembling English woods, brought us to the Mammoth Cave, a vast ramification of caverns, said to be known to the extent of a hundred miles, and much more that are unexplored. You can follow directly underground for nine miles, and some of the branches are three or four each. It is approached by a ravine sloping into the wood, from the large and comfortable Cave Hotel (Mr Owsley), at the foot of which the cave opens its mouth. It is said that, in 1802, a hunter tracked a wounded bear hither, and so discovered it. For half a mile, it is some sixty yards wide by forty high, at first sloping sharply down, then nearly level. In this part are heaps of debris caused by extensive alkali vats, in which saltpetre was produced for gunpowder in 1812-14. Thence the most interesting passages branch off from the main cave; sometimes the passages are very narrow, and only a few feet high; sometimes they rise into lofty domes 100 feet high, round-ceiled, and groined by nature; and, in the lapse of time, like vast halls, or worn into strange shapes, named by guides and visitors after their fantastic likenesses, such as Gothic halls, domes, churches, &c. The "Star Chamber," so called because, in the specks of the limestone rock seen in the dim torch-light, through the black gypsum crust which covers the roof, there is a most striking resemblance to the stars in a clear dark night, seen from the

bottom of a rocky glen. The illusion is perfect. "Dorm's Dome" is a vast cavern, only seen through a small orifice broken in its side. It is wide, of undefined loftiness, and great depth, columned, as if by art, of dazzling white lime-rock. This, and many other curious spots in this extraordinary subterranean region, are beautifully exhibited by the intelligent mulatto guide, by a kind of blue light, which searches out the far corners. The strangest sight, however, is the underground river. You approach it by long, devious, and steep passages; sometimes climbing up high and slippery steeps; sometimes diving into rocky burrows, in one place by a winding fissure christened by some tourist, "Fat Man's Misery," evidently a channel worn by a rushing stream in the lapse of ages, which now has found some other course; by the high and slippery brinks of deep silent pools, called by such names as Styx and Dead Sea, the deposits of the strange stream beyond, which, sometimes in a day, will rise and fill all these lower caverns; till, 300 feet below the upper day, you arrive at the margin of a still deep river, some 15 feet wide, moving slowly now when it is small, but, as the guide says, when in flood, as it was a month ago, raging down its infernal channels, and rising 20 feet deeper than now. We saw a boat 20 feet above our heads, left on a shelf of rock by the last flood. This stream flows from its hidden source in the bowels of the rocks, and, after running through the cave for some three-quarters of a mile, disappears again into the limestone. We were content to be paddled some hundred yards down its course: the bottom must be for many feet covered with soft and sticky slime, as each dip of the paddle made it rise, and the rocks when it has overflowed are covered with it. A strange white fish without eyes, is occasionally seen, and caught with a net, in this water. We returned in about two hours, pretty tired after our travels, and settled not to stir again to-night, so closed with tea, a cigar, and our journals. Among the anecdotes related of the cave, some seventeen years since there was a notion that the air, being in some parts very dry, and of an unchanging temperature of 59°, would be curative of consumption. Many persons came,

and lived the four winter months in cottages, of which the walls yet stand, in one of the side chambers, a mile from the entrance; the experiment was not successful. There are no living creatures but rats and crickets. There are some fine springs of cold and clear water, as may be supposed.

Sunday, 29th September.—Left about eight in a buggy for Bell's Tavern, having asked landlord to send us on to Bowling-green, General Buckner's (Confederate) headquarters. Finding, however, that our charioteer of yesterday was to be the man, we declined his tardy conveyance, and spent the day waiting for the solitary train which is maintained on the line. The tavern, however, was full of strong Secessionists, who were cordial and communicative. A Colonel Woolley, nephew, and formerly secretary to Mr Preston of Lexington, late United States Minister to Madrid, arrived, having escaped from Yankeeland, and was very cordial to us, we having a letter to his uncle. He thinks early steps will be taken to hem in the Federalists about Elizabeth Town, from Buckner having set out to-day to the north-west, Colonel Preston being engaged in collecting troops east of Lexington (Kentucky), and Zollicoffer advancing from the south. He and all were as confident to the full as our Northern friends, and from their statements it is evident the Southern resolution is stern. At the camp there is a battery (six 9-lb. with two 12-lb. howitzers), manned, found, and given to the Government by its members. The captain is the poorest man in it, many of the gunners being wealthy planters. Got a train which had brought up horses at 6 P.M., and went down in a "freight car" to Bowling-green, a nice little town in a strong natural position, and with a considerable camp outside it.

About eight B. and I went for a walk, when he, having rather incautiously, as I thought, questioned a patrol in the dark about the army, in three minutes a picket was down on us, and we were closely questioned. Taking the officer to the City Hotel, and showing him our passports, satisfied him. General Buckner being absent, we did not remain, but (1st October) took the 6 A.M. train for Nashville, passing through

a pretty English-like country to Nashville, Tennessee. Here we were speedily called on by ex-Governor Brown, Mr Williams, ex-United States Minister, Constantinople; a Mr Ewart, and Mr Stevenson; the latter president of several railway lines, who invited us to stay at his house. Being anxious to get on to Richmond, I, reluctantly and with difficulty, excused myself. The burden of these gentlemen's conversation was the determination of the Southern States to persevere. Bullion is confessedly scarce; everything is paid for in Treasury bills payable two years after date; these the banks take at par—they bear 8 per cent interest; gold, however, commands about 15 per cent premium. Subscriptions to the Confederate 8 per cent loan are taken in cotton or supplies for the army; the cotton so subscribed is taken by the Government and bonded on the plantations, where it may be insured. This is considered as security for the Government paper; its export is discouraged. Further, the individual states are extensively contributing to the clothing of the troops without troubling the Confederate Government. Thus the country in which Nashville is, has sent clothing to the value of 25,000 dollars to the brigade raised here, others doing alike. There is an immense copper-cap factory here, and at Memphis a rifle gun factory. The question of course is how long a state can get on, not to say carry on a war, without specie or convertible securities. It seems to depend on the chapter of accidents; but the South is in this state of desperation in which much national agony will be borne before it yields, and at present there is apparently not more distress than in the North, and as yet nothing like a want of national credit. Mr Williams narrowly escaped the fate of Mr Falconer (late Minister at Paris), who was seized at Washington when he went for the settlement of his accounts on his retirement from his office. His family are in Switzerland, and he appears in sore distress about them. I promised to see that if they had not received certain bills he has sent them, I would assist them. On the way to the station we drove to the Capitol—a new and handsome building, on a

splendid site, commanding a vast view all round, built of white marble, ascended on each face by spacious steps, and the roof on each supported by eight fine Corinthian columns. Took train at two for Chattanooga (151), Knoxville (100), Bristol, Lynchburgh, Burkeville, and Richmond, over 700 miles in all. At first we were comfortable enough, but at Chattanooga a number of soldiers came in, and we had them or others all the way to Richmond; there was not a vacant space. The soldiers made a tremendous noise, delighting in loud yells and spitting, chewing apples, &c., till the filth and smell in the cars were overpowering. Cramped as we were too, I never made so miserable a journey. I met, however, with much civility, and from the crowded state of the train, and my strangeness when we changed cars several times, I should have fared worse otherwise. Bourke left me at Chattanooga for Montgomery. I arrived at Richmond about two on Wednesday—47 hours. A hot bath, shave, hair-cutting, and shampooing, revived me. Alas! not one of the people to whom I am recommended is here. President Davis is with the army, which it is said has been attacked to-day by the Federalists. (This proved a camp "shave.") Mr Mason gone on a mission to England, &c. &c. I fear my time and labour have been lost, not to mention expense. The fare from Nashville alone, 700 miles, was $26.75, and our expense from Louisville to Nashville about $40. The scenery on the road was fine on the first day in Tennessee, the country well cultivated and wooded; abundance of Indian corn grown here, as it is said all over the South this year. I observed one field of cotton, which here grows on little bushes about two feet high, but far higher farther south. Yesterday we ascended constantly from Knoxville, which we left about 9.30, having, fifteen miles on our right, the Blue-ridge Mountains, which are to the Alleghanies their Anti-Libanus. Towards evening, approaching Bristol, we passed through a country said to be very Unionist, and there were strong detachments of the Confederate troops at the stations and bridges. Unless this border of Tennessee and Virginia

be cleared, the Confederate communication may be interrupted. All to the north of the Alleghanies is, I believe, in Federal (General Rosencranz) possession. In the night our heavy train had difficulty in ascending the mountain, through which the line is carried, and is said to be a wonderful bit of engineering—finally tunnelling through the top of the mountain. Being pitch dark, I saw nothing. This road has been closed, till to-night, for three days, from heavy floods having carried away the line in three or four places; it has a bad name for accidents, and I was glad, seeing that our train was very heavy, and that the rains have been continuous for some days, to get over it without one. It seems that there is no attempt at regular daily inspection of the road. There are frightful curves and gradients, and, except over the bridges, they seem to go very recklessly. Several large rivers are crossed by lofty viaducts. The Tennessee River was greatly swollen. At Richmond the James River is crossed by a wooden tubular bridge, in four compartments, the imtermediate pieces resting on little islands.

Thursday, 3*d.*—Visited the British Consul (acting) Mr Critland, a very ordinary gentleman, two years attaché of consulate at Vienna. He seems to have no weight with the authorities; his position is peculiar, not being accredited to a *de facto* Government. The Confederate Government is refusing passes to foreigners desiring to leave, though they are given to "alien enemies." Called on Secretary for War (acting—he is Attorney-General), Mr Benjamin, last night; demurred about flag of truce for us, till, having admitted that Adolphus Vane, who left yesterday, had one, I said I was in precisely the same position, when he said I should have the same. Declined to give pass to the Potomac army till the President's return. Found all the gentlemen to whom I have letters are away—President at camp; Messrs Breckenridge in flight for Kentucky; Mr Mason just left on mission to England; Porcher Miles with army; Keith and Boyce absent; Tombs with army. Accordingly next three days I was rather bored—rather knocked up also after

journey, and, accordingly, wasted some time. I had a ride with Colonel Schiller, a Saxon—soldierlike, but wild and cast-iron as to his stomach; three "drinks" had I to take with him in one morning. Major York I shall describe below. Mr Tyler, son of ex-President T., to whom I have a letter—a shy, but, when known, modest and worthy man. He came from Philadelphia, where he was established in business, on account of the war.

Oct. 6.—Allowing for the difficulties of general observation, we can yet confidently speak of the earnestness manifested on both sides in the present contest. In the North there is earnestness. Congress, only seconding the popular desire, has voted 500,000 men and 500,000,000 dollars. Unheard-of pay is offered to soldiers, liberal rations punctually delivered, and to the standards have flocked a volunteer army, rivalling in numbers that which is raised by any European conscription. For the service of the war the citizens, unmoved, are contemplating an expenditure so tremendous, that in less than four years, even at the rate of its growth in this the first year of the war (proverbially the least costly), it will equal that which Great Britain has accumulated in two centuries—that which has borne the cost of the campaigns of six generations—which kept alive the liberties of Europe, that otherwise had been crushed out by the iron heel of military despotism. For this war the North is content to see extinguished that freedom which was her boast, and for which she claimed to be born. For this to the sword has been committed the rule of the despotic majority. There is no place for the man who writes or speaks aught distasteful to the many-headed tyrant; nay, in some cities, even to be reserved and moderate is to be suspected and watched. Mob-rule and anarchy are terrible, but their duration is commonly brief; far worse is the government of ambitious men, who are content to be dragged at the heels of popular passion, and reign but to execute the wild will of the blinded multitude. So, for this war, in the boasted seat of freedom and independence, a secret police nightly arrests without cause assigned; suspen-

sion of writs of "habeas corpus;" warnings, suspension, and suppression of newspapers are common and acknowledged. The seizure of the property of Southern States men, unreasoning cries for foreign aid—which would pass unnoticed if the offspring of newspapers or pot-house politicians—are significant when in the mouths of ministers of state. There is, too, in many States of the Northern Union, a strong and resolute sentiment, which is certainly patriotic and worthy. If the levies which have been raised in some eastern towns are composed of the same materials as the band which followed David to the wilderness, far different are the soldiers of the regiments which have mustered in the agricultural States. Fine country-bred fellows are many of these, resembling our young yeomen—men who have made great and real sacrifices to join the army, but who believe in their duty to the Union, and are willing to strike a blow for it. Such are the men of Illinois, of Eastern Missouri, of Indiana, of Ohio, of Northern Kentucky, who will surely prove stouter foes to the brave Southerners than the loose levies they scattered so easily in July. Their tone is earnest; for, whether it will stand the test of the battle-field or not, there is, without doubt, both in the camp and the city, a stern resolve to avenge past reverses and defeats, and, cost what it may, to compel the seceding States to submit again to their allegiance to the Sovereign Federation.

And the South is in earnest. It is not the vote of its Congress, which echoed the unlimited grants of its rival to the executive, because that might be an empty boast—it is not the bitter and loud defiance, on the lips of the wealthy and poor alike, because that is common to both sides, and does not of necessity imply constancy and fulfilment; but it is proved by the outpouring which only nations in their agony know—it is in the one heart which seems to animate these millions like one man—in the surrender of individuality—in the abnegation of self that strikes the stranger with astonishment—in the abandonment of habits and peculiarities—in the boundless confidence which this sensitive people repose

in the public men to whom they have intrusted their safety —in the softer virtues which national trial calls forth, and which mitigate the horrors and curse of civil war.

Here is an army, not much inferior in numbers to the hosts of the North, furnished from a population far smaller and less inclined actively by habit and climate, and from such classes as we have described. There are many companies, troops, and batteries, in whose ranks stand the men at whose expense they have been formed and horsed and armed—free gifts to the State—men of great wealth, whose life has been of ease, accepting the lowest posts in the service of their State. Mothers sending every son whose age enables him to bear arms to the war, without regret or a pang—whole families side by side. A mother at Richmond, whose son had gone west for employment, had never ceased to lament his absence, but when the war broke out, and he returned to enlist in the Virginian contingent, she saw him go without a tear. Almost every one has a son at least, or a brother, in the army; but one does not hear of anxieties or fears—it is, "if the enemy beat them, we must go too." There is a battery, covering the railway-bridge at Mumfordsville, Kentucky, in which the captain is the poorest man, and many of the richest planters privates in the ranks. They have mounted their battery with eight rifled guns, and horsed it, and serve without cost to the State. Similar is the origin of the "Washington" battalion—four batteries of artillery, forming part of the "Army of the Potomac." So Watson, of New Orleans, raised one, in which he serves as a private. Major York, of Louisiana, raised a company at his own expense, and is Major in the regiment into which it was mustered. He owns six plantations and near 1000 negroes, and leaves them all. These are not thought extraordinary instances here. Men subscribe 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 dollars to the State loan. General Cock, of the Confederate army, reputed to be worth 2,500,000 dollars and to possess 1500 slaves, has handed over his whole income to the service of the Confederacy, retaining but a modest subsistence for himself. And it must be re-

membered that, in the case of the conquest of the South, not only is the loan worthless, but the South are made liable, by the laws of the United States Congress, for a share in the Northern debt—the cost of their own defeat.

I have said that there is full confidence in the public men; and, accustomed as we are to hear American statesmen reviled by the party out of power, while the Lincoln Cabinet is censured for inaction, precipitation, or both—while old Scott is said to be "done"—while Fremont is called incapable, deaf to counsel, corrupt, and inaccessible to citizens, &c.,—these people have entire confidence in the prudence and ability of the men to whom they have committed their destinies, though no citizen not on business is allowed to go to the army—though the ministers have anterooms (hateful to the American mind) and secretaries to be passed—though no one knows the numbers or the mortality of the army, and the plans of the generals are hardly surmised by "our own correspondents"—though they stand on the defensive, in itself most trying to the *morale* of a proud people and a volunteer army. Loudly and generally, however, is the resolution uttered, *never* to yield. Rather than yield, say they, we will burn every house, every bale of cotton, and lay our country waste. Deep and bitter is the resentment to the North, and, at present, the resolution to deal with any country in the world rather than with her. Their goodwill is ours, if we recognise the Confederacy.

There has been a considerable amount of Treasury notes already thrown into circulation. These are partly in anticipation of the loan, partly in consideration of advances in money, or, as is usual, in *kind*, particularly in supplies to the army. They are taken at par by the banks—that is, in the currency of the country, small notes (Americè, shin-plasters). Gold already commands 15 per cent premium, but our informants say, "The faith and patriotism of the community is the security. We are all agreed to take this paper, and when we are so resolved, its credit will be maintained." One cannot help reflecting how injurious to such a system would be

a single reverse in the field. Doubts in the security of their credit system do not appear to trouble folks in general. It is a neck-or-nothing game. They confide in their ultimate success, "when all will come right;" say, "They WILL win;" and remark, justly enough, that, when they are fighting for existence, if they lose the game, contingent and financial losses are secondary matters; on the other hand, if they win they say that their internal resources are so boundless that they will at once recover their present sacrifices. It is a favourite calculation in conversation and in the newspapers, that the products of the South forming $\frac{4}{5}$ths of the exports of the entire Union—the South consuming at least its share of the imports, and paying the enhanced price caused by the protective duty on manufactured goods, either in the shape of duty or the artificial price charged by the Northern manufacturer—it follows that the South are taxed by the North to the amount of the difference of such duty, while their consumptive power is proportionably reduced. Great expectations were aroused in October last by the purchase of tobacco on a large scale on account of the French Government, and by the rumoured demand for cotton at New Orleans. An agent in Louisiana reported to his principal extensive sales at the high price of 20 cents per lb.

The Confederate army is not very well clothed. You seldom see a soldier in full uniform—often in none at all. They don't seem in the least ashamed of their rags. Their officers are soldierlike fellows for the most part, as compared with the Northerners, and those I meet are commonly well dressed. Large private hospitals are established and attended by ladies, and those of the "first families." There is a good deal of camp measles, which often turn to typhoid fever; and mothers of families nurse these freely. A lady who sits by me at breakfast manages the hospitals of the Alabama men (her own State), and draws (by telegraph) on the Governor of the State for the money she wants. She says she drew yesterday (5th October) for 1000 dols., and 1100 were sent!

I am informed by Mr Robert Tyler (son of the ex-Presi-

dent), that the total expenditure of the South since its confederation has been but 34 millions of dollars. Now, the North is said to be spending 1½ millions per day.

Sunday Evening, 6th October.—Had some conversation this evening with Mr Giles, one of the newly-appointed receivers of sequestrated property, at Mr Myers's house. The distinction drawn between the conduct of the North and South in this matter is remarkable. The North passed a law confiscating the property of the Southerns, or debts due to them. I am told here that there was no provision made for registration of ownership, &c. As a retaliation here, an Act (V. 3d Series, p. 57) was passed appointing receivers to *sequestrate* property held here by Northerners, or debts due to such. Exact record is to be kept of each sum seized. It is to be paid into the Auditor of the Court of Probate, and after six months the Treasury will appropriate it, issuing bonds for the amount. After the war these sums will be retained to indemnify Southern creditors injured by the Northern confiscation, should the United States refuse to refund; and the surplus, if any, be repaid to the creditors as far as it will go. Further, I am assured that the Confederate States pay their State bondholders, whether alien enemies or not, and that the North do not.

As to the paper currency, Mr Giles, an intelligent gentleman, says the issue of the banks is not excessive. By law they are obliged to retain one-fifth of their circulation in specie; and though cash payments are now suspended, yet extravagant issue is naturally checked by the collapse of trade. There is as much gold as when the Secession took place, because every one is hoarding. Not only do the banks retain all the gold they can, but every private person does so, although he might reap the profit of the exchange. The paper, Mr Giles admits, will probably still further deteriorate, but it will revive with any renewal of trade. *Query*—Does not this universal hoarding of gold by private persons betoken a misgiving? At least, if the grand smash comes, and old State bonds, and Confederate paper, and "shin-plasters,"

are waste paper together, every such prudent virgin will have some oil at the bottom of her vessel. *Mem.*—In case of defeat, the law permits all Richmond banks to migrate elsewhere, and there is no fear of "Abe's" gentlemen having the sacking of their vaults. I am promised all the documents I want for information as to financial and other matters.

We had a little slave talk to-night. Several ladies present had stories to tell of the Abolitionists, and the dislike of the slaves to them. They had all been North, and it seems to be a favourite game in Philadelphia, &c., to steal or seduce away the Southerners' servants. One lady said her maid when last there was continually locking herself into her mistress's room, and when asked why, said it was to keep out the people who would make her run by force. Another, that her maid, being pressed to leave, said she was free; and on telling her mistress, and being scolded for her falsehood, said, "So I am, ma'am; I'm free from sin."

At the time of the battle of Manassas (by the by—*Mem.*—According to acceptation here Bull's Run was a small fight of 5000 or 6000 a-side, on the 18th July; Manassas, the "great stampede," on the 21st) it was common among the Northerners to talk of the lands and negroes they were going to possess in Virginia, which they made sure of overrunning. Letters on the dead were found speaking of the plantations to be acquired, and of the negroes taken prisoners who were to be sold when they got hold of Richmond. After the battle, a negro was burying Yankee bodies, and being asked what he was doing, said "he was laying out plantations for the Northerners!"

Numberless are the tales of the happiness of the slaves, in which, as a rule, I really believe. It is stated that since the law against the residence in the State for more than one year of free *niggers*, some who have saved enough to buy themselves won't do it, in order to remain in Virginia. Mr Myers bought one man at his own request, who told him he had 1000 dollars in bank for the purpose. Mr M. told me of a lady, whose father being ruined, the servants were sold. She

was in great grief, and cried when the sale took place. A girl ran back, when sold, to bid her good-by, saying, "Don't cry, Miss Mary. I don't much care; and, besides, I do love riding!" her notion of being sold being that she would have the pleasure of travelling.

There are three Baptist churches entirely for "Africans" here—most of them belonging to that persuasion. One holds near 2000 people, and to see it "come out" is a wonder—the silks and satins far exceeding anything their mistresses wear—*moire antique* is common.

At the parties given by slaves in their masters' houses—on which occasion the ground floor is often given up to them—the ceremony is portentous, being considerably in excess of that up-stairs. There is a black side to the picture, no doubt. Just now, as a precautionary measure, negroes require a pass to leave their masters' houses. No assemblage of them is permitted unless licensed by the Mayor. No one, under a penalty, may sell intoxicating drinks to a negro. Said my informant, "The two last would be very wholesome for white people too." It is no wonder that there should be precaution, seeing that for years abolitionist emissaries have worked among them.

Certain judicious domestic laws are enforced by the authorities in consideration of the number of troops (called 20,000) quartered round the town, and the birds of prey they attract. All "bars" shut at 10 P.M., and do not open on Sundays. There are said to be some street robberies, and now and then "a fight." But, so far as I see, the town is profoundly tranquil day and night. At Mr Myers's, I had the ground round the Potomac well explained to me.

Sunday, 6th October.—Rose, feeling oppressed by the heat, about six; went out and walked till eight; breakfasted and talked afterwards to post-office clerk Beck, the old hospital lady, and Mr R. Tyler; wrote journal one hour. Church at St Paul's; queer Grecian hall; reading-desk and pulpit behind altar, American pews, no kneeling possible, florid chanting, congregation silent. *Mem.*—In prayer for President, not

only is the part relating to the Queen omitted, but the Almighty's title of "HIGH AND MIGHTY KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS." Called after church on Mr Caskie, an old Stewarton (Ayrshire) man; has been settled fifty-five years here, where he is about the oldest trader, and is president of a bank. Visited Stewarton in 1841: found only of his old friends Mr Skeoch and Dr Brown; was most struck with the improvements in agriculture, the *dryness* of the land from tile-draining, and the growth of Glasgow. In his boyhood used to go and stay at a *mill four miles below Maybole, near a fine place, and near a coal-pit.* He afterwards remembered that it was Drummellan. He remembered in those days Bailie Niven of Maybole. He lives in a fine house, and has two sons at the war. Said he had property in Ayrshire in Stewarton, and could vote for me if he went home. This day a little cooler, 80° and 84° in the shade; *awfully* hot in church; early dinner at hotel at two; was glad to spend the afternoon in my own room, till five; went up to Consul, called on Acting Secretary for War, got promise of pass to camp; went at 7.15 to Myers's, and remained three hours. A clever American woman about forty, who must have been very handsome, amused me much by her quiet satire upon our open sarcasms about her nation. Another nigger story: At Manassas, a negro, who had gone with his master into action, having an *unloaded* gun in his hand, pointed it at a straggling Yankee, and, taking him prisoner, marched him into camp, though the Yankee had a loaded musket! addressing him all the way respectfully as "Master."

Mr Myers, a shrewd, kindly, old ex-Jew lawyer. Mrs M., a frank, agreeable old lady; son, a gentleman-like and clever artillery officer; nephew, a very handsome, smart, cheerful engineer officer; for the few minutes I saw him I thought him most *charming*, in the full sense of the word.

Monday, 7th October.—Met Mr Marshall at Consul's, and went with him to see the Richmond Flour-Mills, at which are ground enormous quantities for exportation to warm climates. The flour is much esteemed for its freedom from moisture, of

which it contains only about sixty per cent of that in Northern flour. There are ground daily in the mill I visited from 600 to 1000 bushels of wheat, and annually they turn out from 180,000 to 200,000 barrels. The price this year is one dollar per bushel of 60 lb.; last year it was one dollar and a half. Visited afterwards the Tobacco Exchange, where samples were being exhibited and sold by auction. I was introduced to the "Tobacco Trade" by Mr Caskie, the senior member, and inducted to an arm-chair elevated in the centre, from which I expressed my acknowledgments. Then went to the further end of the city to see a tobacco factory. The tobacco, when plucked, is cured, dried, and packed flat in hogsheads. The next year, in these factories, the leaf, having been steeped in sugar and liquorice, is torn clear of its fibres, and smoothed out by a boy, who throws it over to a man on the other side of the table, who rolls up the scraps in leaves into enormous cigars, which are afterwards, in the presses under immense weight, flattened into the cakes in which form it comes to Europe. Visited the other Mr Caskie, who is president of the Bank of Virginia, and who gave me a statement of the banking laws of Virginia, which would show that their principles are safe and sound enough. At dinner met a Mr Tennant, son of Tennant of Creoch, a respectable-looking man about forty, who lives at Petersburg, in this State, and who told me he had made £60,000. Went to station at 7 P.M., but was disappointed of meeting Bourke; drank tea with Mr Caskie and his daughter-in-law, a handsome young woman, whose husband is at the war in Western Virginia. Afterwards called by appointment on the President. He is a spare man, but of a good figure, about fifty-five years of age; one eye is blind, but the defect is little perceptible; his hair is grey, his face thin and bony, his chin pointed, his features regular and good, his manner courteous and dignified, but winning. His conversation, in well-expressed language, was on the universality of the resolution to be independent in the South, the severance of which he said was as complete as if it had taken place fifty years; the readiness of the com-

munity to make any sacrifice necessary to maintain their position. He expressed himself as satisfied of the grounds of the policy of England, and looked forward without impatience to the recognition of the Confederacy by the Powers of Europe in due time. I took my leave on some other visitors appearing, and he desired me to come to him again on my return from the camp. Governor Letcher of Virginia and his daughter were present, and (I think) Miss Davis. Mrs D. has not recovered from her accident. Called then on Mrs Stannard, a still handsome and very agreeable lady of some thirty-eight years, just returned from the watering-places, with whom I had a lively and agreeable conversation, and a warm general invitation to her house — by the way, a very handsome one (corner of Sixth and Franklin Square). The oppressive weather of the last four days ended to-night, and violent storms of wind and rain with some thunder.

October 8.—Left at 7.30 by train for Manassas and Fairfax, reached Manassas only at six, train being heavy—the line beyond stopped by the washing away of a bridge. Met an officer of General Tombs's staff, Mr Grant, who got hold of a return mule-waggon, by which we got slowly along some twelve miles over the battle-field of 21st July, to Centreville. Beyond this our driver would not go, Mr Grant having finished my brandy-flask and quarrelled with him. After an hour of attempts to get into a house, and being nearly fired at from a window, our driver found a house where he had bespoken a lodging, and retired to bed, while we had to bivouac, I in the entrance-passage to the house on a bench much too small for me, and the other two in the porch. The night was bitterly cold—were glad by daybreak to warm ourselves at the fire of the pickets.

October 9, *Wednesday.*—Got our mulish coachman off about 8.30. A surprisingly good breakfast made me take a milder view of human nature (I had hardly eaten a scrap for twenty-four hours). The poor people here have been passed backwards and forwards between the two armies, as they have advanced and retired, till it is no wonder they are churlish.

Four miles brought us to General Tombs's camp. He has a three regiment brigade, 1st, 2d, and 15th Georgians, situated, like most of the army, on a wide clearing almost unbroken by fences. It is part of the second line of the army, about two miles to the right rear of Fairfax Court-House. General Tombs is a stoutish man of about fifty years of age, lately Confederate Secretary of State, and formerly United States senator and minister. There was nothing military in his appearance or dress, but he seems popular, and his acceptance of a brigade command is modest. In the North, nothing less than a division would have served a Secretary of State. General Price, another brigadier, a soldierlike (West Point) man on horseback, was visiting him. He and his staff of some six officers seemed business-like and sensible men. General Tombs launched into politics, but talked in rather an extravagant way of the prospects of the Confederacy, proving by short cuts that war is not in the least burdensome to the South, as it is costing his Government little, the money of the citizens being all spent at home, and the real wealth, the staple product, being accumulated. Gave me a general invitation, and lent me a horse to go to headquarters with Captain Dubuse and another obliging aide-de-camp. Riding through General Jones's brigade camp (this and General Tombs's belong to General Gustavus Smith's—the 2d corps) and some artillery batteries, we reached Fairfax Court-House, a small village, but containing and adjoining some good houses and villas. The little place has a bustling headquarters look, albeit the orderlies, escorts, and guards lack the usual gaudy exterior. As a rule, however, all the horses are good, and everybody mounted rides well. The numerous waggons are rough but useful vehicles, well driven, and quickly moved by active mules. A large remount of artillery horses had just come in—stout tall horses enough. There is a quiet sober air about the camp and quarters of the Confederates, altogether wanting to such of the North as I have seen. General Beauregard inhabits a good two-storied house, two hundred yards out of the main street. Was introduced

to some of his staff, and had to wait but a few minutes when I was shown up to General Beauregard, whose room was all the better of the bright log-fire on the hearth this cold morning. He received me and Mr Benjamin's letter very cordially, made me sit down, and talked for half-an-hour, sensibly, temperately, and easily, on public affairs. He has been often described. With a grave, dark, handsome face, which lights up pleasantly when he speaks, and a French exterior, I thought him very gentlemanlike, clear, kindly, and unaffected. He spoke confidently but moderately of his position, expressed perfect confidence in the army, and with warm pleasure of its composition and character. He has the same men who fought the battle of Manassas, only hardened, drilled, and improved, by near three months' camp life since. They have got into thorough working order, and it is not boastful, therefore, to rely on their account of a renewed attack upon them on the same ground as before. I spoke sensibly, too, on the relations of the Confederate States with other Powers, and, like the President, understands the situation with regard to recognition, and is, for the present, indifferent to the matter. He asked me to return to dinner at 2.30, and to ride out afterwards; and one of his staff, Captain Alexander, made me free of his tent. Rode out with the aides-de-camp to General Johnston's, the Commander-in-Chief, a house similar to that of General Beauregard. Had rather a longer talk with two of the staff, chiefly on politics and the cotton question (all the soldiers and officers talk politics, seldom regular soldiers' talk), till General Johnston came in. He is a rather short, rather hard-featured, grand, thoughtful-looking man, with dark moustache. He has less manner than General Beauregard, but was very frank and kind, spoke a little apologetically of his army, offered me a horse, which I did not like to refuse, for the afternoon, and said he had three horses and a buggy all at my service. These real soldiers are very different either to Northern or Southern in general. Had time to dress before dinner, at which General Beauregard placed me at his right hand, and we sat down, in a sunk-story

room, without a table-cloth, to a plain but well-cooked dinner, quite without pretence; water and whisky the only drinks, but all nice and comfortable; with the staff, our party about fourteen. Introduced to Prince Polignac, who, an ex-French Crimean officer, is aide-de-camp, a gentlemanlike, quiet, intelligent man. At dinner the Adjutant-General of the *corps d'armée* read a long letter just received from a correspondent, which tended to lessen my wonder that the Southern generals have seemed so well acquainted with the preparations and attacks in store for them. The writer ridiculed the figures put forward by the Yankees of their numbers—says there was lately gross insubordination and mutiny among the troops, they declaring they enlisted to defend Washington, not to invade the South; that cavalry and artillery were called out to repress the riot; and that these feelings were widely spread. Does not believe that an early attack is intended, though it is given out, and says that General Scott, being lately pressed to advance, said he would rather resign. The Yankees claim to have "taken Munson's Hill," which was evacuated by express orders, that the position might be made stronger and more compact. Enclosed were some charming Yankee statements, one about the late battle of Kentucky, claimed, as usual, as a victory, with extraordinary exaggeration of the Confederate loss, and a statement, said to be from a Confederate citizen, giving a doleful account of the state of the army, and of the brutality of General Beauregard—among others, of his executing a farmer who had warned him against the war! The reading of this caused great amusement, General Beauregard for the first time laughing heartily. The writer of the letter urged an onward movement on the part of the Confederates. He declared all his statements to be derived from the best authorities; and if half of them are so, there must be some good friends to the South behind the scenes in the North.

Rode out at about three to see a drill of a brigade—Colonel Longstreet's. The staff, about eight in number, all well-mounted, well-dressed, and riding well—very French-

looking withal — most in the old United States uniform. General B. sitting very accurately *à la manège*. General Johnston had sent me a tall powerful grey—very easy to sit and very quiet, but light and lively under me. The brigade consisted of four regiments, which showed a little over two hundred file each; each carried one colour—the men nearly all in Confederate grey; they drilled nearly as well as French line regiments, and quite in the same style. The Brigadier evidently well up to his work, some of the colonels a little less so—the men fine soldierly fellows, attentive and painstaking. When we left, General B. introduced me to the Colonel, a magnificent animal, very soldierlike and well-mounted, with a large beard and huge Spanish-looking chapeau. Throughout the ride I was properly lionised and introduced to everybody; regarded, moreover, as a swell of the first water. A Kentucky regiment of the second corps, also drilling (less advanced, however). Rode smartly over to see "Washington Battalion of Artillery;" on the way fell in with two companies of New Orleans Zouaves drilling and moving prodigiously quick. We were on them at a canter in a moment, but their commander had them halted in line as quick as thought, presented arms, and as the men stood at the "present," advanced at the salute himself, and in a French accent thanked the General "for what you have done," meaning that he had honoured them by passing them in review. He then made them go smartly through some simple changes. He was a smart, very French-looking, oldish fellow, and seemed a very good drill. He is a New Orleans lawyer, St Paul by name. General Beauregard, being a Louisiana man, is of course their idol and type. Arrived at the artillery, encamped on one face of a wide and shallow basin of ground. We had been met, and were conducted by the commander, Major Walton, a large well-set-up man, on a powerful dark-brown horse, like "Tom Steele's" Crimean horse, up to his weight, which is, say, sixteen stone. Rode first round the guns—four batteries of eight pieces each, of various calibres; 8-pound rifled brass guns, throwing conical ball; 12-pound howitzers, 6-pound smooth bore, long 12-

pound smooth bores, and two new 32-pound iron howitzers—very nasty-looking dogs. Then we rode up to and dismounted at the flagstaff, pitched in front of the officers' tents, and presently, at the request of the Major, Generals B. and I went down to speak to the gunners (Americè, cannoniers), who had assembled near their tents. First the General, then I was presented in form, and I went close up to them, and talking to all within my reach. I was told they were; and they looked, gentlemen—some stout hardy-looking young fellows, some middle-aged men; but all very clean, very well dressed in their undress of light-blue shell-jackets and trousers of stout cloth. While we talked to them the band played first "God Save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," and "*Dixie.*" I was delighted with the appearance of everything in this camp—everything was ship-shape, and the streets of tents straight and scrupulously clean. The cannoniers are all gentlemen, many of them very wealthy—they do every kind of work and fatigue most cheerfully. They are extremely healthy, having only ten off duty, of whom four are wounded. One battery, which came off outpost duty to-day, where they had been without tents for six weeks, had not one man sick. The drivers are ordinary men "enlisted," the cannoniers are "volunteers." General Beauregard has two cousins privates in the battery and a son a lieutenant; who, however, went in as a private, insisting on leaving his father's staff, on which he was a private secretary, and soldiering in earnest. He is a fine broad-chested Spanish-looking boy of nineteen. Got back to camp at dusk, teaed, chatted with the General and Prince Polignac, who has insisted on my sleeping in his room—then with the aides—and then, after this journal, to bed.

General B. told me about the battle of Manassas—the unfailing pride of the camp—that he had intended to attack the enemy's left with his centre and right; but the courier (orderly) by whom he sent the order failed to deliver it till too late—it would have crushed the enemy and cut off his retreat. In the mean time, however, heavy firing began on

the left, to which he ordered his right reserves to support, and then the attempt of the enemy to outflank him was defeated by General Johnston, some of whose troops had reached in time—some, by a forced march of twenty-eight miles in eighteen hours, fording the Shenandoah river. General B. doesn't seem to think he ever was near losing, having an unlimited contempt for his enemy, not plainly expressed, however. He is never tired of speaking of the composition of his army, which, indeed, is marvellous; they are of the best material that ever army was—intelligent, sober, orderly—the cheapest too, costing the State little—clothed from home.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Breakfast at eight. Afterwards rode out with Captain Peyton, volunteer aide, and Prince Polignac. Visited General Jones, Brigadier 1st corps, a tall soldierlike man, quiet and decided-looking; then Captain St Paul of the New Orleansmen, a clever, quick, dry-looking man, about sixty—a New Orleans lawyer—made some keen and remarkable statements as to the effect of the dearth of cotton in Europe, that it would be more felt in France than in England, because, whereas in the latter four millions of people depend on cotton directly, our felt, cloth, and silk manufactures, into which materials cotton largely enters, are comparatively small; in France eleven millions depend on these and other trades, which, without cotton, will be at a standstill. Hence he argues that, by means of partial supplies from elsewhere, we may get on. France cannot want American cotton for a single year without domestic convulsions. Called on General Walker, a hard-featured warlike fellow, who was reading *The Caxtons* in front of his tent, before an enormous fire; he has a Louisiana fighting brigade. As we left him we met one of his regiments on its return from a three days' tour of outpost duty, preceded by one of its companies, "tiger" zouaves, uncommonly like their French prototypes, only their knickerbockers of broad striped jean give them a piratical appearance; these sang as they marched a wild strange song in good cadence. The whole battalion moved with a very quick step. General

Walker gave some strong hints that he disapproved of the defensive policy of the commanders, which appeared to be, as usual, the common feeling in the camp, but does not prove them to be in the wrong. On the contrary, apart from military reasons, the Northern spirit is naturally aroused in proportion as the North is threatened, while it is but feebly excited to the invasion of the South. From him to General Bonham, of a South Carolina brigade, always in advance; he is a very American-looking officer, but stern and purpose-like. The conversation in these visits was much the same—expressions of confidence in success, desire for engagement, the resources of the South, her wrongs from the North (generally given with a good deal of detail), and the composition of the army—with instances of men of great wealth serving as privates or subalterns in the ranks. One notable instance is that of General Cock, who, a planter of vast extent, reputed worth 2,500,000 dollars and 1500 slaves, has assigned the whole of his income to the State, retaining but a modest stipend for his subsistence. Visited also several captains and other officers, and came upon one company of General Bonham's brigade at drill. It presented arms, which, I was pointedly informed, was for me. A drizzling day; did not go out after 2.30 dinner, except for a short walk at dusk with Colonel Jordan. There is manifest in the army the composition of a superior class of men. The air and intelligence of the men you address, of whatever rank, are those of men of a vastly superior position to those of ordinary soldiers. I am told, on all hands, that the sentries on the posts, the orderlies who bring their horses, the men employed on fatigue, are as likely as not to be men of the habits of townsmen and gentlemen, or planters possessed of large fortunes; and that these perform every duty that may fall to them with the utmost cheerfulness and willingness. This is doubtless true, but I also am told that among these educated men there is even a greater detestation of the inaction to which they are condemned than in armies composed of meaner materials. Just now, when the baggage, except absolute necessaries,

had been sent to the rear, and they are without books, their life must be very tiresome. The turn of picket only comes as a welcome relief to their monotony, bringing a certain excitement, and occasionally a brush with the enemy. This duty is done by five or six regiments, detailed one at a time from a brigade, who are out for three days, and it is said that they would gladly have it extended to five. The mutual treatment of the opposing pickets differ: sometimes they will fire on each other for days, and then be on friendly and familiar terms. Just now the enemy has advanced his pickets as these have retired, intrenching himself as he advances. His right rests on Louisville and Falls Church. There is a perfect contempt of the enemy, from General Beauregard downwards. Men talk of fighting the enemy if he was two or three to one. I endeavoured to hint that the same spirit exists on the other side; but the experience of Manassas has induced an unbounded confidence in the results of future collisions. The army must certainly have greatly profited by its subsequent leisure, but its numbers have been sadly thinned. There is a disinclination apparent to give me any statements of its actual size, but it is doubtless less than is given out. *There are two corps d'armée of eight brigades; each consists of four regiments, and these are probably not stronger than each; thus the "Army of the Potomac" was probably under infantry fit for duty, and the cavalry and artillery cannot be more than* . But the convalescents who will be coming in will at least fill up the casualties, even of a general action, should no fresh epidemic appear; and at present the health of the troops is mending. A curious fact is commonly stated, that the countrymen, accustomed to temperate habits and regular hours, have stood the work vastly less well than the townsmen, whose habits are assumed to be dissipated, and their nights often spent in the open air. Measles attacked the former, who had commonly not had them, and left them feeble and predisposed to fever. It is observable that the report lately of an expected fight brought out a good many from the hospitals. These two days the

weather has been cloudy and the nights very cold. The tents are "*abri*," but large enough to hold four or five men very comfortably. The soldiers generally appear well fed and strong. It is said that the only complaint they make of their rations is the too great frequency of fresh meat. The camps are very quiet and orderly—no strangers are allowed without a pass, or after dusk without the countersign. Where suitable, the generals live in farmhouses. The transport consists chiefly of the country waggons—large tilt affairs, drawn by four horses driven from the saddle, very useful, though perhaps rather heavy vehicles, as now, in light marching order, the tents and baggage, in case of alarm, could be packed on the brigade-cart, ready to go to the rear in twenty minutes.

Friday, Oct. 11.—Spent two hours with Colonel Jordan, who as usual was great on the cotton question. Bourke arrived about one, having failed to meet the courier who was sent with a horse last night to meet him. The provost-marshal at Manassas took him in, and he has this morning been all over the field of battle, of which I have seen very little. He has been to Montgomery and Charleston.* After dinner we rode out with Generals Johnston, Smith, and Beauregard (Bourke rode with General Beauregard, I with General Johnston), to see General Jackson's brigade in the second corps. There were four battalions drilling separately. They moved, as is usual in this army, very quickly, though precision is not much sought for. One battalion was newly organised, and its companies were very weak, but even it was tolerably up to its work. Afterwards the battery of six pieces attached to the brigade went through some movements. It looked efficient, though it moved slowly. We then rode to General Jones's (first corps) brigade, and saw two battalions on evening parade; these were stronger than any I have seen, perhaps 500 to 600; and so is, I am told, Jenkins's regiment, which I have not seen. Returned just at sunset. I rode a horse of General Beauregard's to-day, as did Bourke; they are handsome, strong, short-legged, deep-girthed. In

* Vide *Blackwood* for December—"A Month with the Rebels."

the evening several officers came in; the band of the 1st Virginian regiment serenaded us, playing very well; and our friends kept it up till eleven in honour of our last evening. The great kindness I have met with makes me really regret leaving. This morning a division was out in expectation of an advance of the enemy's left on Springfield, in order to capture the stores which he was expected to throw into it; nothing, however, took place. I did not hear of it till the evening. A battery of very powerful pieces, 64-pounders, has just been finished on the narrowest point of the Potomac, between Aquia and Occyaquan. The enemy's attention was diverted to a less important point, where another battery was worked at as a blind; this he industriously shelled, a cedar grove masking the real one till it was ready. They say it will entirely interrupt the navigation of the Potomac below Washington; and General Beauregard said it must, almost certainly, force an attack on the part of the Yankees. A female spy, said to be very handsome, has been detected residing on some pretence at Fairfax Court-House. It is said that she was sending information by pinning papers inside the skirt of her child's dress, which her confederates removed. Nothing, however, is proved, and she is to be sent to Richmond to-morrow. We took a cordial farewell of the generals, who this evening were all three in General Beauregard's room.

Oct. 12.—Were to have been called at half-past three and had breakfast, &c., but the niggers were somnolent, and we had some difficulty in getting off in time to catch train from Fairfax at five. We had three miles of a real Balaclava road to travel in General Beauregard's "buggy." It was pitch dark. Having neglected (or rather not been told) to be provided with a passport from one of the three generals, we were nearly not being allowed to go. Had an hour at Manassas, where we got some breakfast; and, without anything remarkable, reached Richmond at 4 P.M., about 135 miles from Fairfax. After being shaved and purified, called on Mr Myers, the president, whom we did not see, and Mrs Stannard, where was a little circle of visitors.

Oct. 13.—I breakfasted (half-past nine) with her, after which she read us a correspondence of hers with a dear "sister-friend" in the North, who had offered her an asylum during the troubles in the South. This Mrs Stannard rather resented, and in forcible phraseology argued the Southern case, and protested against the invasion and attempted subjugation of the seceding States. The endearing expressions with which both ladies commenced, seemed to be rapidly growing more distant as their party-feelings grew warmer; and the correspondence appears, by Mrs Stannard's account, to have terminated by Lord Lyons detaining letters addressed by her or to her,—a gentleman of doubtful capacity, Mr Julius Byng, taken prisoner at Manassas, and released as a British subject under a flag of truce, having been intrusted with some letters, and being supposed to have handed them to Mr Seward. At any rate, a termination of the correspondence was hardly to be wondered at, as the lady to whom Mrs Stannard wrote is an intimate friend of Mr Seward's, and her terms with regard to the Northern leaders were of the strongest. Mrs Stannard has still great beauty, pretty and winning manners, but still enough of the American twang to spoil rather their effect. She is the widow of a judge, who is said to have died chiefly from the effects of sea-sickness in a voyage to Europe; has an excellent house and a plantation, and one son, a handsome lad of nineteen, aide-de-camp to General M'Gruder, commanding at Yorktown, Virginia, said to be a very energetic officer, and the victor of "Great Bethel." I cannot omit to notice as a sign of the state of civilisation of Richmond in an important particular, that our *tête-à-tête* breakfast was very good, broiled *soras*, a bird resembling the quail, the lightest of omelettes, and various kinds of American bread, marvels of lightness. Bourke joined us and went to church (St Paul's), where I am sorry to say we were exceedingly late. The service was performed, abounding in solecisms upon correct rubricism, by three clergymen, who vied with each other in theatrical attitudes; the two not occupied lolling in arm-chairs opposite the

people, at either extremity of the semicircular enclosure; the senior walking twelve feet at least over to the communion table, or rather shelf, attached to the front of the reading-desk. The sermon, delivered with much oratorical affectation, but extremely commonplace in its composition, on "Without God in the world." The people, as usual (one could not help perceiving those in front of one), appeared unconcerned and *distraits*, the children especially misbehaving, and all the congregation standing chatting about the aisles as soon as the service was ended, the senior minister setting the example by beckoning two men to him, shaking hands with them, and introducing them to each other the moment the blessing was pronounced. The prayer for the war, however, is very solemn and appropriate. Mr Benjamin, the Acting Secretary at War, has granted us a flag of truce to cross the lines homewards—poor man, he says he is worked to death. News arrived yesterday of a success on the part of the Confederates at New Orleans. A flotilla of river steamers drove on shore several vessels and sank one. In the evening bid good-by to our friends and prepared for our journey. Met at Mrs Stannard's her son, before described. Mr Stannard enlisted like other young gentlemen as a volunteer trooper, and actually did duty as such, cleaning his own horse, &c., till he became aide-de-camp.

Oct. 14.—Left by train at 5 A.M., breakfasted at Petersburg at seven, and reached Norfolk at eleven. Called on Mr Myers, British Vice-Consul, a kindly old gentleman, a merchant of this place, who pressed us to remain and accept of his hospitalities. As we could not, he took us to General Huger (pronounced Eugee), commanding here, who very kindly ordered a special flag of truce to be sent over for us. We had two hours to spare, but not enough to see the Navy Yard. This, we learned, the Federal officers when driven out failed to destroy. They set it on fire, but only destroyed the wooden buildings, leaving the valuable machinery uninjured. They burned some men-of-war, and sank others; but the Confederates have raised some vessels in tolerable condition, including the Merrimac. It is reported that this ship

has been iron-plated for an expedition, but this, I believe, is not correct. Dined chiefly on some of the famous Norfolk oysters at a restaurant. Had to lose twenty per cent to get my Southern paper-money changed to silver. Gold I could not get. Norfolk is a fine and handsome town, resembling some French towns, not unlike Calais. The troops seem to be smart and orderly, the officers and men about the streets having a more military appearance and being better dressed than any I have seen. General Huger much resembles an English admiral in appearance. He is said to be a strict disciplinarian, and a first-rate artillery officer. We started at three for the "Cotton Wharf," in a little canal steamer, which went a good pace in the smooth water with her light burden. General Huger accompanied us as far as Crane Island, a sandbank some five miles below Norfolk, upon which he has caused a line of strong batteries to be erected facing seaward, and terminated at each extremity by a closed-work commanding the whole. From the town quite down to the mouth of the river, at every commanding point, powerful batteries command the channel; while above Crane Island a strong boom of piles driven into the mud, chains across the channel, and sunken vessels oppose effectually any invading force. General Huger is said to possess some 20,000 troops in good order and well disposed for the defence of this important point. At the spit of sand which runs round the peninsula is situated Point Hatteras, lately taken by the Northerners; the Confederate troops being young, were shelled out of their works, being ignorant of the manner of protecting themselves by rifle-pits, &c. The lodgment is only important to the enemy as furnishing a point from which to advance and cut off Norfolk from Virginia. The General says he is quite ready for any such attempt.

The sail down the river was very beautiful, the day being lovely, the water calm, and the irregular shores and headlands presenting fine views. As we progressed we came in sight by turns of the ships of the blockading squadron at Old Point, at Fortress Munroe, &c. Midway between Old Point and Fortress Munroe lie the "Rip Raps," an artificial rock, now erected into a formidable battery. Besides the vessels

of the blockade, among which were the Susquehanna, Roanoake, and Wabash, were two transports, crowded with men just arrived, and a crowd of victualling vessels inshore. Waited some time within range of the "rebel" batteries, until a steamer came out from the other side to receive us. She was commanded by an old naval officer, and another was there to take us over. He was very civil, though both of them were rather inquisitive as to the force and circumstances of the Southerners. Affected to laugh at the idea of the New Orleans victory. Reached the wharf at Fortress Munroe just in time for the Baltimore steamer. On going on board we were closely questioned by an officer as to the contents of the despatch-bag which we brought from the Consuls, being asked particularly if we had any "other despatches," which might contain orders for arms, &c. As soon as our questioner was satisfied, he invited us to "liquor," after the manner of his people. Got comfortable berths, there being few passengers. Sailed at sunset, rounded the point, and held our course up the Chesapeake Bay.

Oct. 15.—Reached Baltimore about 7 A.M., and drove to Barnum's hotel, where we were very affably received, as coming from the South. A paragraph has appeared in the *New York Herald*—the most lying purveyor of news in the world—stating that, as the Richmond papers had announced me the bearer of "letters to President Davis from Mr D. Mann," it was evident that I had brought despatches—that I would give the South the benefit of my observations in the North—that I was a spy, &c. I sent a short letter contradicting the first allegation, which, it will be seen, was inserted, and wrote in similar terms to Generals Fremont and Anderson, who had shown us much confidence and courtesy.

Baltimore, a fine, regularly built city, presenting in its streets and wharves the evidence of its extensive trade. It has none of the straggling over-ambitious appearance of many young American cities. Left at 8.30 for Washington, in a heavy train, and arrived in about two hours. On the way were frequent bodies of troops at drill. The country is

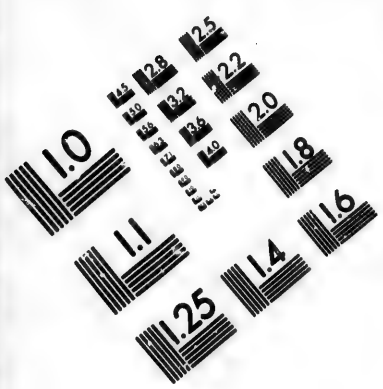
wooded and hilly, but with abundant and luxuriant cultivation, Maryland being a rich tobacco-growing State. Put up at the Willard's Hotel—an enormous building, like all others just now, very full: got a room on the fifth or sixth floor. Called on Lord Lyons, and then drove with Monson and Anderson, two of the Legation, in the neighbouring country. Everywhere is the evidence of an enormous concentration of troops, with huge supplies of waggons of all kinds.

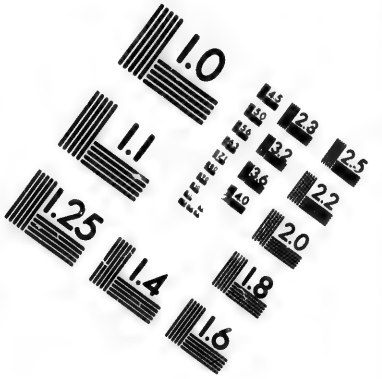
Lord Lyons demurred at the bundles of private letters which we had been begged to take charge of, and which had been put by Mr Critland in the despatch-bag. We had agreed to take private letters, on the pledge of the writers that nothing political or military was contained in them. Having promised Seward not to allow private correspondence therein, he made us take them to him, and, with a letter of introduction, we were forced thereupon to do so. After some delay we were ushered into the great man's presence. He is thin, sharp-featured, and approaching sixty, with a cold and cunning expression. I explained briefly the circumstances of the letters, which Bourke improved upon, and made a very dignified statement, including a disclaimer of the reports respecting me. In the conversation which ensued, Mr Seward said that it was the intention of the Government to prevent all communications with the insurrectionary States, in order that, socially as well as commercially, they might feel the full consequences of their conduct. We explained that our bringing private letters from their relatives to others in Europe could have no political or military tendency, and that we never imagined that the Government intended to shut out such communications. He said it was a somewhat hazardous office to act the part of mail-carriers in revolutionary times; on which Bourke said, that *we came from a free country, and could not therefore understand a war made upon individuals.* He said that it was not to be supposed that those who were endeavouring to tear the country to pieces were to enjoy the advantages and rights of peace, and that it was for those who were charged with the care of the States to take such mea-

sures as they saw to be necessary for its preservation. After such sparring, he said he would have the letters read by a clerk, and that such as were from British subjects, and were not treasonable, should be forwarded. I asked to keep Mr Williams's letter, and he coolly cut it open, addressed as it was, to Miss Lucy Williams, and then cut a passage out with his penknife, remarking that there was a passage containing "treasonable" information, which it was as well should not be sent. During the interview, his manner was rather supercilious, and Bourke's, I thought, rather defiant. He shook hands on our leaving. We dined with Lord Lyons, who seems inclined to doubt the success of the South, as far as I can see, and spoke somewhat coolly of them. Monson, I think, is well inclined to them, as also Anderson, a good fellow. We certainly learned little from them. We retired afterwards to Anderson's rooms, where we met the great Russell, who was very civil and courteous. He seems much impressed with the power of the Northern preparations, and not to think that the South can stand against them; but he is evidently affected by the atmosphere he lives in, as it is difficult to help being. Vitzitelly of the *Illustrated* was also there. He is all Northern, and speaks of it as "*our* army," &c.; also Mr Lammie, a Scotchman, rather in the same line.

Oct. 16.—We were to have started at ten on a ride to the lines, but were delayed till after twelve by having to hunt up our luggage left at Louisville, which, after some trouble, turned up. Rode out with Anderson and Lammie by the "Long Bridge," a long, low, tressel-work affair, forward to "Munson's Hill," and then, turning to the right, to "Upton's Hill," where there is placed an observatory on the top of a farmhouse, General Wildman's headquarters, from which a capital view of this part (the right) of the position can be got. All the way from the river Potomac to Munson's Hill, are field fortifications of the strongest kind; on every hillock is a closed work with deep ditch, and guns mounted at the angles *en barbette*, and in embrasures. The head of the bridge is strongly fortified, and the top of the

slope, half a mile in advance, has a long line of parapet eight or ten feet high, neatly finished, with steps on the interior face for the defenders. The woods which cover this country have been utterly levelled the whole way between the lines (the numerous "lumbermen" from the northern States are so employed), rendering the advance of an enemy impracticable, except by the roads, which are entirely commanded at every point. There are undoubtedly great numbers of troops on this position, and an accurate estimate would be impossible; they call it 200,000 men. Jordan's correspondent said 140,000, and here and around Washington there seem to be camps and posts enough to warrant the belief. No army could be better found in every species of equipment, except, as Bourke said, in military character. Though uniformly dressed, there is something about them vastly less suggestive of business than our Southern friends. Their composition is heterogeneous, but they are said to have 60,000 Germans—promising troops. It cannot be doubted that their weight of numbers, if laid on well, must be most formidable, and good soldiers they must make in time, for their physical appearance is magnificent, and they can never want, as long as they are near their base, for all supplies. But the South have the better of them in composition, and in the cause at stake, and the country is one in which an invading army loses much of its advantage from superior numbers. They have a strong force of artillery—Russell said that 108 pieces were lately reviewed—all perfectly appointed, without taking any from beyond the Potomac. We saw a good many cavalry drilling; the horses fine, but the men of the rawest appearance, and moving desperately slow. M'Clellan's system of fortifying every inch does not look as if he had much confidence in the steadiness of his troops. Munson's Hill, abandoned only last week by the Confederates, already is covered with works of a formidable kind, and the advanced pickets are only a mile or two in advance. When here we were hardly six miles from Fairfax, which we left but four days since. There is apparently an utter ignorance in Washington





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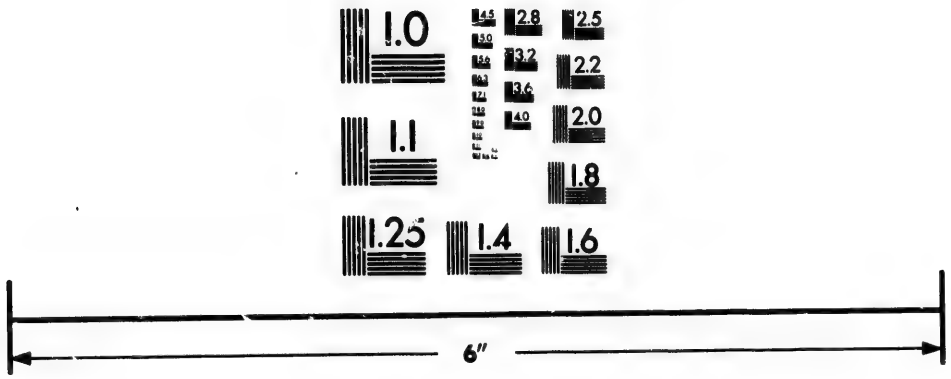

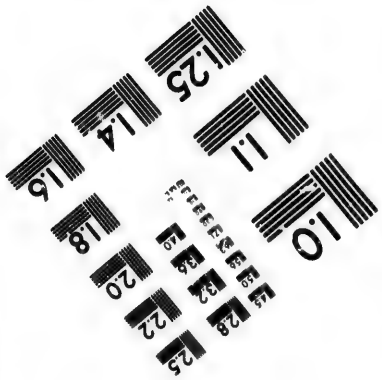

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as to the numbers and position of the Confederates. I heard more than once that Beauregard had fallen back on *Manassas.* It and Fairfax are supposed to be strongly fortified. So was Munson's Hill before they retired. Their doing so has induced the belief that the Confederate strength is much less than was supposed. Mr Russell, I hear, puts it at 70,000. All here seem surprised by our accounts of the abundance of provisions, and the possession of sufficient clothing, &c. Among them I had to be watchful not to let anything slip that was worth telling. I did speak freely to the Embassy, and I hope I didn't do wrong.

Oct. 17.—There is the utmost bitterness here about the war, and no signs of any flagging in determination. We met to-day Mr Osborne of the Illinois Central, a New York man, who says they are determined to go through with what they have begun, cost what it may. He and his class speak confidently of success, because they are resolved to see it in no other light. No man who will look forward can fail to understand how ruinous, at least for a time, to the manufacturing cities of the North, the separation must be. Men affect to ridicule Sir E. Lytton's speech foretelling the dissolution of the Union into three or four Republics. We visited to-day the Capitol—a magnificent building of white marble, with gorgeous portico. Its site is splendid.

You enter a central hall of circular form, the walls adorned with dauby pictures representing the most striking events in American history—the landing of Columbus—the baptism of Pocahontas—the surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis—General Washington resigning his commission—the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers, &c. In the two wings are contained respectively the Houses of the Senate and Representatives. You ascend to the galleries of the former by a fine white marble staircase, with massive balustrade of the same. The interior is rather mean-looking. The roof, as in both Houses, is low. The walls of the Senate-House are of stucco and wood, and look poor; the ceiling, however, is very handsomely gilt in compartments. The House of Representatives has a

red marble balustrade to the staircase, which, once white, is horribly foul with tobacco-juice. The interior of the House is finer than the Senate, both in its proportions and ornaments. It is strange, as has been remarked by many, that the Union has been dissolved before its pretentious Capitol was completed.

We visited the Patent Office—a handsome white marble building—a maze of models, many very trashy. Popular interest appears to be centred in the blue coat and buff waistcoat and breeches, wearing which Washington resigned his commission to Congress, which garments are preserved, with other relics of him, in a glass case. Washington has huge streets—the Pennsylvanian Avenue being enormously long and wide. Grand buildings are scattered about, but the general look of the city is that of one designed for 3,000,000 and containing 100,000.

Left by the 2.30 train, and reached Baltimore in an hour and a half by a fast train. Called upon Taylor, who was out, but I was shown in to Mrs Taylor, who was one of the Carrolls—a good family in Maryland—who had with her Mrs Bernal, the Consul's wife, a lively and agreeable woman—till he came in. He carried us off to dine at the Maryland Club very comfortably. Afterwards we were delayed by a violent thunderstorm, but, though late, Bourke and I were taken by a Dr Buckler to visit several ladies whose husbands had been served with *lettres de cachet* for Lafayette. One of them, a Mrs Thomas, a ladylike gentlewoman, living in a fine house in Mount Vernon Place, related very simply but touchingly how they had been rung up in the middle of the night; her husband carried off by the police without warrant; how, though never brought to trial, he has been confined without common comforts in dark, bare rooms in fortresses; how, when she learnt his removal to Lafayette, she, with other ladies similarly situated, obtained with difficulty permission to visit their husbands; how they could only do so in presence of a military officer, newly transformed from being a railway conductor, who behaved with great rudeness and brutality;

and how Mr Seward positively refused to allow them a second interview. Such arrests have been very frequent in Baltimore, and in no case are the victims tried. Yet martial law has not been proclaimed, although the city is surrounded by Federal batteries, and General Dix has announced that a military necessity will require its destruction should the Confederate troops enter Maryland.

Oct. 18.—After breakfast Taylor called for me, and I went to Bernal's office, where I had confirmatory accounts of the foregoing, and he showed me two letters received that day from women, British subjects, complaining of the arbitrary imprisonment of their husbands without form of law. Thence went to a gunmaker's, and bought a breech-loading rifle, of a new construction, for about £9; to the Club, where I enjoyed a fill of the *Times* for some hours; lunched and walked about; called on Mrs Taylor—a pretty lively little lady—and Mrs Bernal, where I met some Baltimore ladies who prepossessed me favourably. At this season, however, there are few in the town. Dined with Dr Buckler, who gave a great spread. Met Taylor, Bernal, Mr Thomas, a clever lawyer, Dr Johnson, an old gentleman lately released from Lafayette, who seemed to be about the last man likely to be dangerous to a State.

Most of the "upper tens" of Baltimore are in the country just now. Had I had time I should have visited some of them. The city is handsome, wealthy-looking, not overgrown. It has fine docks and wharves, substantial shops, and comfortable houses, handsomely faced, and stepped generally with white marble. We were treated with great distinction —the libels of the *Herald* being passports to the good opinion of the Secessionists. We were told that the correspondence between this city and the South is constant.

Oct. 19.—Started at 8.30 by rail. At Havre crossed a creek by an excellent ferry, the cars being drawn on the deck of the steamer on parallel rails, three on each, with little detention,—an inclined and self-regulating plane at either end being regulated by the height of the tide. The fog being thick, we could not see the shores. Reached Philadalphia at

12.30, sending on our baggage. Drove to the "Continental" Hotel, one of the best in America—enormous and luxurious certainly, and apparently well managed. Shops of all kinds open out of the hall. It was worth some hours' delay to see. The day being wet, we saw little of the town. I failed to find Mr Kortwright, the Consul. The streets are all built of red brick, faced with marble in regular square blocks—monotonous and wearisome to my eyes. The city has every appearance of its great wealth and prosperity. We were told that the war is keeping the manufactories in activity. These are of the articles most in request for the clothing of the troops.

By the by it seems that the Government having sent orders by the Cunard ship for woollen goods and blankets from England excited so much irritation among the manufacturers that they were forced to recall or modify the order by telegraph. Left at 4.30, and reached New York about 8.30. To-day's journey, 195 miles. A peculiarly American affair is the huge ferry steamer which took us across from Jersey city. In the middle run from end to end two roomy *streets* for vehicles; along the sides, roofed in, is accommodation for hundreds of passengers. The boat appeared to be about 200 feet long, and steamed very fast. It was a large specimen of numbers which run all day from many points across this fine harbour. Drove to the New York Hotel—rather noted as a Southern house, where, through our telegraphing, excellent rooms, with a sitting-room, had been kept for us. After tea we strolled out and entered two of the innumerable concert-rooms of Broadway for the million—the performances consisting of a succession of songs, dances, and acrobatic feats, the two former of propriety, though of moderate merit; the latter dreadfully muscular. Women waiters brought cocktails, &c., to the guests who sat on benches at tables. There were few females present. The sight was more instructive of the manners and customs than amusing to us.

Sunday, Oct. 20.—Read in the *Times* late last night a notice of Lord Eglinton's death. It was in the American papers yesterday, but I strove to disbelieve it. Alas! alas! a sud-

den apoplectic seizure at Mount Melville, after a cheerful day of golf and a friendly dinner—no doubt like a hundred others of his. Then followed unconsciousness during the night, and death on the second morning—awful to think of, as a manner of death, and a grievous blow to all who, like me, have experienced from him constant and unvarying kindness.

Went to St Patrick's Catholic Church to hear Archbishop Hughes preach. He did not however, it being "the Feast of the Maternity of the Virgin." We had a very unvarnished and undisguised exposition of "Catholic teaching" on the subject. He stated the claims of the Virgin to reverence and love to be her inestimable service to man; her infinite exaltation, which places her as high above man as is possible for a created being to be; the universal consent of all nations to her honour and service; he declared that God has given her the *uncontrolled* exercise of His power, and made her the channel of all His graces; that through her have countless wonders been done, victories achieved, sicknesses healed, storms abated, blessings bestowed. He went the length of declaring that God might create a wider firmament, brighter stars, a fairer earth, but He could not create a more perfect being. He denied, however, that all this placed her on an equality with Deity, which would, he said, be a great and fearful heresy. The first of saints, she was the channel, not the fountain, of grace. He supported these arguments by no Scripture, as indeed would be difficult.

Walked with B. at two, and called for Mrs King (E——'s friend, Miss Cochrane). They have a pretty little house, 24 Eighteenth Street West, but they were "in the country;" then on others, but found at home the Consul's wife, Mrs Archibald. Dined at hotel. Afterwards I went to find Dr Hawkes's church, which not being open I hurried to Trinity Chapel in Fifth Avenue, and succeeded in finding one vacant place — a very handsome church; the psalms were well chanted. There were numerous clergy in the stalls, and the sermon was on behalf of a benevolent society, *by Dr Hawkes.* It was very eloquent and scholarlike, but the results, judging

by the coins in the plates, were small; on returning found Messrs Phelps and Colonel Rowan (on whom we had called) and Mr Butler Duncan with Bourke.

Oct. 21.—I went to Messrs Barclay and Livingstone, and found our passage all right, and letters from my family. Called on Mr Edward King, Butler Duncan, in afternoon. Mr King drove me out to his mother's house, where they are staying, three miles from Hobolken Ferry, on the other side. The mother is a still handsome old lady in a widow's cap; Mrs Edward, very pretty and charming, received me very kindly — walked for half an hour with her and her husband, when I had to return. Dined with Mr Royal Phelps, a hospitable and skilful entertainer, Mr Duncan and his son, Colonel Rowan, a Mr Lord, a charming old lawyer, &c. Mr Lord has been intrusted with the defence of the Savannah privateers, for piracy. He is sanguine of their acquittal. At nine went to the opera, where, in American fashion, we found that, seeing Mr Duncan's box unoccupied for two acts, some "ladies" and "gentlemen" had coolly walked in. The opera was the *Ballo*—the singing fair—the acting bad—the house pretty, but not as we should fancy, the private boxes being quite open, the women in bonnets or demi-toilette—instead of pit-boxes, a *balcon*—the whole pit in stalls, called the parquette. Went afterwards to the club, and was introduced to a number of gentlemen who were curious about the South, and appeared surprised, if not incredulous, by what we told them about their resources.

Oct. 22.—Bourke went up the Hudson. After breakfast I had an hour's conversation with Mr Davidson, my agent in Jamaica, who happens to be here. Says, up to last year, Messrs Cottam and Mortan have not made a good thing out of Rozelle—having laid out about £5000 in improvements—but last year they did well and made about £2000. Says the want of labour is the only bar to the prosperity of the island. The negroes live on their own patches—are content with what they can make—the work is by task, the earnings about 1s., and the task is easily done by twelve o'clock, beyond

which they won't work. At Rozelle they cannot make more than 10 hogsheads of sugar a-week; in a fine season about 200 hogsheads of sugar and 140 puncheons of rum. The estate is about 1800 acres in all. The electoral system has been considerably improved of late; instead of the old franchise of £6, on which any number could vote, the qualification is now the payment of 20s. taxes, of which 10s. is a stamp. It requires a fresh annual claim. The increase, 80,000 in ten years, of the population is chiefly among the blacks; the *browns* since emancipation have decreased. It is mainly to the influence of the black people that more encouragement has not been given to immigration. Called on Mrs Duncan for an hour—she is a very agreeable ladylike person—would have gone to England for good this year but for the war; then to Mr Butler Duncan's, with whom I conversed; lunched at the famous oyster-shop, and then drove with him to Canal Street, where I took the Ferry for Hobolken, and called on Mrs Young, who was my father's nurse, and when she was 16 or 17 was turned out of barracks with him when he had the small-pox at Fort George. She lives with her daughter, Mrs Stanley, whose husband (deaf and dumb) is a mason. She is a hale old body of 75 or 76, and with all of them was delighted to see me. The old lady could not think enough of it. I gave her a shawl my mother had worked for her, with which she was vastly delighted. The granddaughters, smart young ladies, whose piano stood open, seemed little edified, I thought, by their relative's reminiscences. We dined at 6.30 with the Consul—present, Captain Lott of the Asia (Cunard), Captain Lyons (Racer), and Grant (Steady); the latter had a shot fired across his bows in entering Charleston Harbour with despatches for the Consul. He beat to quarters and declined all apology for the insult, which, however, being earnestly tendered, the Admiral accepted. She is a barque-rigged gun vessel, and they *might* have taken her for a clipper running the blockade. Davidson of Jamaica, Mr Molyneaux, British Consul at Savannah (said to be very rich and to have done a good thing in cotton this year—"a consul

must not trade, but his wife may"). He is an old gentleman of some presence and pretensions—hospitable and kind, I doubt not, at home. The only ladies, Mrs Archibald, her sister, and one daughter. After dinner a young Scotch lady, daughter of the Provost of Greenock, very well dressed, with a great love for the Shaw Stewarts, came in with other Miss A's. I had hard work packing up till 3 A.M.

While at New York the weather was pleasant; but chilly enough to make flannel advisable, and a greatcoat for driving.

S. S. Asia, Oct. 25, 1861.—There seems to be a general resolution at present to go on with the war, and the bankers are especially keen, being now committed to it by the heavy advances they have made. One gentleman said to me that the Government deserved credit for their success in extracting the loan, and hinted that quiet threats had something to do with the alacrity of the moneyed men. These hints seem rather to have referred to a possible issue of Government paper, and from a National Bank, than to a seizure of specie; but, at any rate, this Government would stick at nothing. Seward seems to be unpopular—many prophesy his downfall. The arbitrary acts of the executive excite little remark or objection here. The arrests have been numerous, but they are taken as a matter of course. Mr Archibald told me of some very hard cases of British seamen taken in vessels—some running out of Charleston, but others shipwrecked and making their way in coasting-vessels to British Consuls. These were thrown into Lafayette without inquiry, and confined twenty-seven in a room thirty feet by ten and eight high, heavily loaded with chains, which were never taken off. They are now released. The correspondence between Lord Lyons and Seward, published a few days since, has excited much comment. Even the moderate, travelled men here abuse Lord Lyons for having presumed to interpret American law and point out the rights of Congress. One man said it was the only good Seward had done. There is no doubt a strong feeling growing up here against England. They will have it that we are and have been favouring the South.

What they wish us to do, short of interfering to put down the rebellion, goodness knows; but all agree that we have behaved abominably.

Mr Seward's circular to Governors of States about coast-defences has not been a *brutum fulmen*. All down New York Harbour are rising heavy forts; one lately finished near the entrance on the right side has one hundred and twenty embrasures, and a great work is being made on the cliff above, to which the large hewn stones are hoisted up by an inclined plane. Mr Watkins, who is on board, talks of a huge fort erecting at the head of Lake Champlain, within six miles of Montreal, and of six gunboats and a frigate on the lakes, with their guns in their holds.

An intelligent gentleman on board, an Englishman, but a New York banker, confirms the accounts I have of the wasteful extravagance of New York municipal management. The taxation is $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on property, or 40 per cent on income, calculated at 5 per cent. There is besides Federal customs duties at from 30 to 40 per cent on imports, and a promised tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on capitalised incomes.

Elections are managed by a self-appointed committee—the promised recipients and dispensers of public plunder—who place the candidates in nomination who satisfy them. They manage and sift the constituencies and arrange the "tickets."

Sailed, Oct. 23.—The voyage was propitiously fine as to weather—a fine breeze blew us for two days out into the Atlantic at a smart pace; it being "aft," the ship rolled a little, and the weak stomachs suffered. Then it dropped, and we had five days of marvellously calm steaming—hardly a swell showing the restless ocean's power of annoyance. The last three days were a change—a fine northerly wind, to which we spread all the sail we could, took us along near three hundred miles a-day; but it gradually drew ahead, turned to squalls with rain, and stirred up a pretty imitation of a sea. However, as we were drawing under the shelter of Ould Ireland, we were indifferent to its ugly threats. I was very comfortable in my berth, having one to myself, though,

it being near the stern, gave me all the pitching that was going—a capital steward and a "blow up" tub every morning made me enjoy life very tolerably. The company was not very sympathetic, and there were none of the usual divertissements on board ship. We were in places of honour at the captain's table, which was not so lively as some others. Our society were:—Mr P., of New York, banker, a rosy good-natured paterfamilias about fifty, of English birth, with a partner in Manchester, rich,—escaping, I presume, to avoid awkward solicitations for credit in these bad times; well-informed and moderate in tone. He has a son a pupil at my old tutor's. Mrs P., a lady of forty-five—very *passée* (American women, generally pretty as girls, wither strangely)—seemed to appreciate the society of Britishers with small handles to their names. She is a Baltimore lady, priding herself thereon, and despising Yankees who don't know their grandfathers. Would not care to be an Englishwoman unless she were a peeress, "having always been in the first rank at home"—inquisitive as to English titles, customs, establishments, and wealth. Her daughter, a good-natured, forward, chattering young lady—plain in face, but neat and smart; says things that make one's hair stand on end, but unaffected and jolly, generally "made the number of her mess." She has a friend—a fair, though unpolished damsel, who blushes prodigiously and fixes her bright eyes on a friend of mine in the most languishing manner. He takes it coolly enough, tells the citoyennes stories; and the mother, having made the captain ask me his birth and parentage, regards his attentions to her flock with a hen-like complacency. There are two young London men, who came out two months since for shooting—they have ranged about the country in the most tourist-like and uncomfortable manner, unprovided with appliances for the *chasse*, and consequently have had hardly any sport, and no big game at all.

Two Yankees, and the wife of one of them. The other comes and sits opposite me at breakfast daily, and insists on understanding British institutions and Parliamentary practice,

commonly beginning, "Did I understand you to say, sir?" He is good-humoured, however, and keeps his temper; for the other day, as he got on the subject of the war, and had "understood" from my silence the previous day that I went in for the North, I engaged him, and the morning being unfavourable for deck walking, fairly had it out. When I compared the American Government to that of Naples, the intentions of a large party towards the South being to imitate the treatment of Russia towards Poland, and the relations of the North to Baltimore as those of Austria to Venice, he took it quite meekly; but as P. remarked afterwards, rather ungrammatically, "There is a good deal in how a thing is said."

On board besides there are a Mr Hutton of Sheffield, returning from a business expedition. Has his daughter with him, a handsome dark girl, neatly dressed, and pleasant. Mr Walkins, whom we met in Canada, and Brydges, general manager of the Great Western of Canada, who gave me the directors' car, &c., &c. Mr Walkins has become vastly philo-Canadian; thinks the British Government will be short-sighted if they do not protect Canada, and lose sight of the great advantages to us as an empire from so great a dependency; is seriously apprehensive of the Yankees this winter; points out that without firing a shot or crossing the frontier, they might annihilate confidence in Canadian commerce, by posting 30,000 or 40,000 men in their fort at the head of Lake Champlain, within six miles of Montreal; considers the valley of St John as the true route for the inter-colonial railway; speaks hopefully of Grand Trunk ultimately coming round, but says the extravagance has been awful, and the want of development conspicuous; has already raised the fares, which were unremunerative.

At the third table Miss Jane Coombs, an American actress, who has got an engagement at the Haymarket—a tall, good-figured woman about twenty-five, with her sister, brother-in-law, and two children; a pretty-looking woman from Australia, &c., &c. Besides, there is a white-headed, iron-looking man, with "Travellers' Club" on his umbrella, smooth-shaved face,

short white hair, neat black frock-coat, always "*tiré à quatre epingles;*" seems to be a veritable Wandering Jew; talks of all countries; seems to speak all languages. I have heard him speak five, besides Latin, and he wrote Arabic like copper-plate. He started in the Great Eastern simply to see her at sea. When she put back, he shifted to the Niagara, as he had once started, though he did not require in the least to go to America. Had a very rough voyage, and in a fortnight took his passage back in this ship. He will talk to you by the hour on every conceivable subject; is rather a bore, but you can't offend him. He never is sick, never had a cold or a headache, and never wore flannel in his life. What a fearful piece of animated cork!

There are four, five, or six—there may be more—Germans, more or less Jews,—one intensely so. They play cards every day from about 1 P.M. to midnight—sometimes quarrel over them; once referred a dispute at whist to me, all talking at once. I decided for the one who spoke loudest and longest, and they seemed to be quite satisfied. They get very uncomfortable if any one opens a window, which is seldom the case; and the saloon, in consequence, smells like a cook's shop. There are sundry other regular steam-boat people; a lady with a boy about three years old—a regular young devil—he roars from 6.30 to 7.30 every morning, and at intervals during the day; strikes his mother when she won't give him what he wants, and has a most passionate expression of face. There is a Quaker minister, who came on board as yellow as a guinea—an evidently predestined victim—he had suffered prodigiously, but always wore a face of meekness which "the man Moses" could not have excelled. He has a Quaker doctor with him, with whom he invariably walks feebly arm-in-arm. On Sunday he scattered tracts about the cabin—"A Silent Meeting"—"Sermon by a Member of the Society of Friends," &c. There is the Mr Crosse I met at Richmond, who at last got his passports by his wife, an ex-widow, with a fine boy going to the President (Davis) and appealing to him for her boy's health. Willie and I are great friends, poor

little chap. The captain is a very sensible, intelligent man, and has been long in the service.

So passed the voyage: all voyages seem to me a waste of time, for it is hard to settle down to steady work in the noise, crowd, and interruptions of a saloon. Yet I always have pleasurable recollections of a voyage; joined for a season for better or worse, such of your prison-mates as are sociable show you their best side, and you can hardly find a load of passengers in any ship without there being some clever, well-informed folk among them.

Soon after sunset we sighted the first lights of Ireland, and about 2 A.M. on Sunday, November 3d, we stepped on board the tender, some four miles below Queenstown. A bitterly cold welcome the old country gave us, being prepared with a chill frosty morning. Five o'clock saw us rolling along gaily in the special mail train; and five hours later we were the heroes of the day, in the midst of that most cheerful of social meetings, a British breakfast.

THE END.

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